

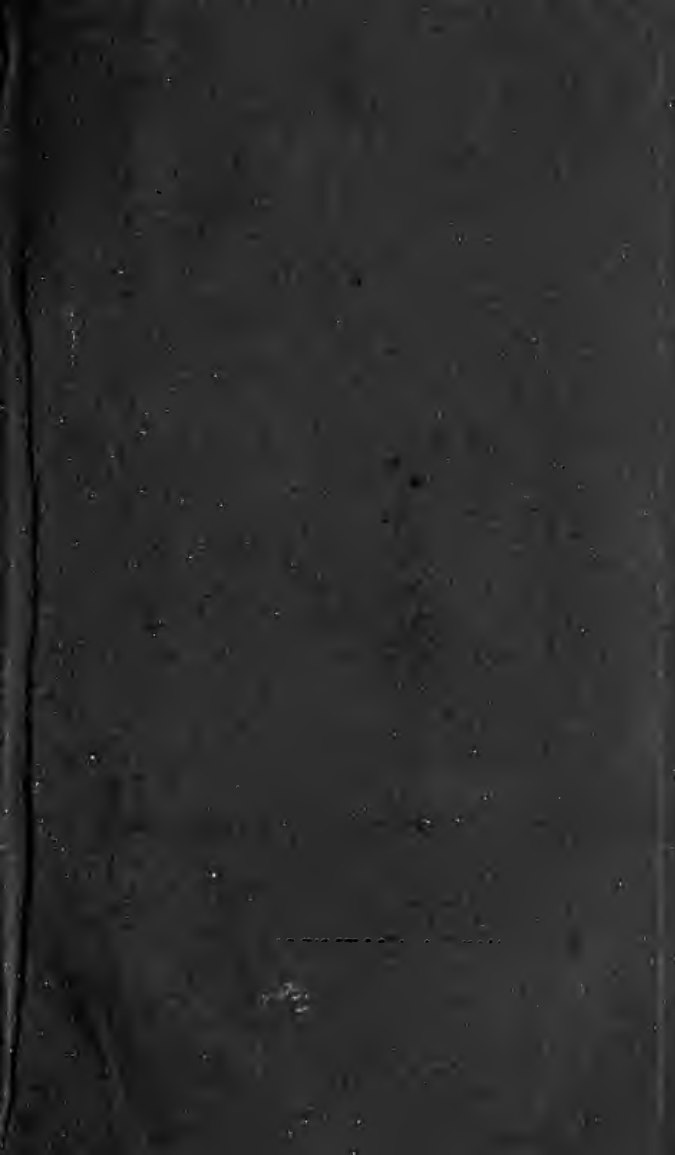
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LEAH.



Munie

*16th Sept^r
1866.*

LEAH,

ECC EHOMO,

And other Poems.

BY

EDWARD W. PRICE.

— Operosa parvus

Carmina fingo.—

LONDON :

DALTON AND LUCY,

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DEDICATION.

To my Father.



MY Father, since to thee I owe my birth,
To thee I dedicate, in filial love,
My labour's fruit.—It is not that I deem
Them worthy of the name to me most dear,
Yet 'tis in hope that thou mayst in them see
Some offspring of thy ever-fostering care.
Love toward a Father is the noblest grace
Our fallen nature clings to ; 'tis a *love*,
Not a mere idle and capricious dream,
But a deep-rooted, growing, vestal flame

Which never dies. The love of man to God
Resembles most that which a son should feel
Toward his being's author; and 'tis this,
This feeling of a perfect love and trust,
In which I consecrate this work to thee.

Oh! most revered since first my life begun,
How can I yield to thee the full of grace
Thy nature calleth for? Words cannot tell
What a sweet trustfulness thy love has made!

Changes of life, my Father, thou hast seen,
Shadows of gloom have darkened oft thy path,
Troubles assailed, while all thy future life
Seemed barren as the past. Some, some are o'er,
And with fresh vigour rising from their sea,
Thou hast emerged, like fire-tested gold,
Grown brighter by the proof. Thus, 'tis to thee
I dedicate my thoughts, and them accept
As some small token of the sacred force
Of my undying, ever-cherished love!

Preface.



AS I am about thus to intrude upon the patience of the public, I feel bound to make a few remarks concerning the following productions. It is almost unnecessary to state that they were all written at a very early age, and one which might perhaps be better employed; yet there is an old proverb, "All work and no play, etc," and in my spare time I have compiled these few pages.—Works of literature must, of course, stand or fall by their own intrinsic merit; still the plea of youth, without evading censure,

may create an interest in those who see a promise of something better in the present attempts. To those kind critics, therefore, I commend the fruits of my labour, feeling that though they may not attain to any standard of excellence, they are at least harmless. It is at the request of numerous friends that I have published, and though I am well aware that the opinion of those who are so partial must not be relied on, I venture to hope this small volume may help to pass pleasantly a leisure hour.

In "Leah," while I have adopted the plot of the Adelphi drama, I have studiously avoided copying a single word of the dialogue, it must not, therefore, be looked upon as a "Versified Play."

"Rolandseck" many of my readers will recognise, if not from my description, from recollection of that beautiful spot; in this poem I have kept closely to the ever-respected legend of "Roland and Hildegunda." "Ecce Homo" is the most daring flight I have attempted, whether with any success

others must judge. Some of the smaller poems may incur the charge of egotism, and I do not deny it; still many were written during illness and immediately after the death of some very dear friends. *This* may account for their tone.

With this brief summary, I make my literary débüt, and though not particularly sanguine, naturally feel solicitous for the fate of my work.

E. W. P.

HIGHGATE,

May, 1864.

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LEAH.

Canto I.



NOW in the heavens sank th' expiring sun,
The day was over, and his course was run ;
And Lerna's steep was purpled with the
haze

Shed through the cloudlets by the dying rays.
(Oh! day is lovely on the Styrian plains,
When golden sunset o'er the landscape reigns!
When the last traces of the passing day
Track 'cross the arc of heaven their burnished way!)
And the dark forest at the mountain's base
Relieved the gaze : the eye might o'er it rove,
And mark the change from the bright heaven's face,
Too bright for mortals was the scene above!—

Beneath the waving branches of the trees,
(Silent but for the music of the breeze,)
There stood a ruin'd hut, grown hoar with age
And the long storms of years: the tempest's rage
Had bared its rafters, and the ivy twined
Around the walls, showed the neglect of years.
Ah! ages ever leave their marks behind,
To play upon our pity or our fears.
Red fell the motey beams upon the ground,
Long fell the shadows on the grass around
That barren shed. None, but the wandering race,
Sought ever there a wretched resting place;
The race despised of men, and angry-eyed
With look of scorn, and overwhelming pride,
—The outcast Jews—Their once proud state is o'er!
Their Salem is a city now no more:
Yet tho' upon the face of earth they roam,
Devoid of comfort, resting-place or home,
Doomed by the verdict of mankind to care,
The murderers' children still their guilt must bear,

Dost think that *they*, the once most favoured race,
Forget that theirs was erst the proudest place ?
Dost think the daughters of those noble sires
Now strike no more their sorrow-burden'd lyres ?
They *do*. The song their captive fathers sung
Chaldea's palaces and plains among,
Still, still remains ; though Israel's hope be lost,
On life's rough stream their bark be rudely tost ;
They know the past, they know their former state,
While blest by Heaven and unharmed by fate ;
While in the might of éarth their sires excelled,
The proudest name among the proudest held ;
While yet the Temple stood in all its pride,
Before its lustre could the darkness hide ;
And when above Jerusalem's proud domes
The grace of Heaven haloed o'er their homes,
And age on age the days of early youth
Passed in the atmosphere of peace and truth.
All,—all is past, yet still those hearts can know
What *once* was theirs : nor can the gladdening flow

Of memory's sweets be stopped by floods of care,
Though the glad dream themselves can never share
In the reality of life ! Ne'er more
Will Israel prosper, for their day is o'er !
Never, while Time turns round his running sand,
Can they build up the greatness of their land ;
'Tis now for ever faded !—Human state !
What are thy days ? At most thy gifts must wither !
And the still lingering memories of the great
Prove life and fame but loosely bound together !
Glory and fame, ye are but empty sounds,
Bright meteors flashing thro' the sullen night,
But yet scarce crisised when the grassy mounds
And graves bear witness of your lightning flight !
Alas for Salem ! all her hope is past !
The curse of blood rests on her sons for ever ;
Peace lives for her no more, her doom is cast,
And Time sighs mournfully the " Never, *never* !"

But hark ! what sound strikes on the list'ning ear ?
Soft footsteps fall upon the mossy ground,
Singing a melody as she draws near,
A woman enters from the depths around.
Was that a Jewess ? Could that youthful face
Have seen the storm of hatred, and disgrace ?
Could that bright eye, now pure as Heaven above,
Have looked on other scenes than those of love ?
Alas ! who knows what canker lurks behind
A calm exterior in the human mind ?
For though at peace the outward form appear,
'Tis often hard to check the rising tear.
But still *her* step was careless as the roe,
Her *soul* at least must be estranged from woe ;
Her aspect could not be so purely bright,
If o'er her spirit hung the fatal blight !
Ah no ! as yet tho' poor her state without,
Her soul was burdened by no cruel doubt ;
Her heart was blameless and untouched by sin ;
Fair, as the form without, the life within.

Like some sweet vision, never seen but dreamed,
Imagination's offspring, LEAH seemed !
Her dark eyes fixed on the departing rays,
With purity deep swelling in their gaze,
Lustrous and melting, with the ardent soul
Rising in rapture, free from all control.
Dark fell her tresses o'er her bosom's snows,
Shading the features in their deep repose.
Smooth as the winter drift, ere foot has trod,
Rose the high forehead, with the seal of God
Visibly graved thereon ; the stamp of mind,
Deep thought and candour in one mould combin'd.
Red beamed the sunlight in the distant west ;
Loud sang the birds ere they retir'd to rest ;
Among the branches sighed the evening air,
Cooling the earth the while the day was waning
Duskily on :—The scene is wondrous fair
While light grows faint and earth is rest regaining.
'Tis sweet to watch the crimson spreading far
Over the skies, while the bright evening star

Is slowly rising, and the wondering sight
Gains all the beauty of the silver night !
So Leah thought, and for a time she stood
Entranced in wonder, with the rosy flood
Beaming like molten gold upon her face ;
Ill-fated daughter of a fallen race !
And yet she sighed the while she gazed upon
The scene, although it seemed to soothe her breast ;
Did not the day's life typify her own,
Devoid of pleasure and of comfort rest ?
Did not the sunlight represent her youth,
The golden age of happiness and flowers ?
Yet scarce for her, for persecution's ruth
Had dulled the brightness of the passing hours.
Was not her life, declining ever down,
Fated by heaven to sorrow and decay,
Like that sun yielding to the clouds' dark frown
To rise again when dawned another day ?
'Twas scarce a sigh of grief, for life is dear
Even to those who never knew its light ;

The star of hope will oft the spirit cheer,
When all the future seems to lapse in night.—
—She turned and entered. “Abram ! is all well
With Deborah and her child ? Has Azrael
Held from them still ?” An aged form uprose
As thus she spake, an old grey-headed Jew,
A form well used to buffets and to blows,
Life’s bounties ever had to him been few.
His eyes were blinded ; many a passing year
Had scattered snow on him ; few things could cheer
His weary spirit, though his fading age
Was memoried brightly on Time’s varying page.
But as he recognized her silvery voice
His face grew brighter, and he cried, “ Rejoice,
Daughter ! Oh, Deborah, thy help is near,
Hope now usurps the gloomy throne of fear.
Leah, my child ”—He strained his sightless eyes,
As if he fain would make the vision rise,
But in reality—“ Hast thou succeeded
In gaining that thy burdened sister needed ? ”

She oped her mantle. "Rabbi, yes," she said,

"I have succeeded, if a loaf of bread

Be called success. Yet even this may be

A blessing to us in our poverty."

The old man's face grew brighter as he heard:

"Thou art our Saviour!" was the heartfelt word

Broke from his lips. "She, she, who lies within

Will thank thee, Leah. Ah! thy zeal *must* win

From Heaven its guerdon. Blessed may'st thou be

For ever; and as thou hast done to me,

So be it paid again, in thousand-fold,

To thee and thine: As Heaven's dew is shed

On Hermon's summit, from the clouds down roll'd,

May crowns of blessing garland round thy head!"

They sought the couch. Oh, but 'twas sweet to see

The mother's look when she received that meal:

Where kindness lives, there thankfulness must be,

Though gloomy shadows on its pathway steal.

There is a subtle tenderness of love

Lurks in the beaming of the thankful gaze,

Which seems to tell of happier scenes above,
A God-sprung joy the fallen heart to raise.
Oh ! Heaven is love, and love makes earth a Heaven !
And kindness ranks in order after this ;
Oh ! the glad sight, when from one heart is given
Love of its own, to make another's bliss.
The silent thankfulness that knows no bound,
The utterance choked down within the breast,
Is more than all the words that can be found
To tell the deepness of it when confessed.

So, Leah left them, and with timid tread
Passed through the doorway of the ruin'd shed.
The wood lay dark before her, but her mind
Was still with those whom she had left behind :
How to preserve to them the breath of life,
How to on-struggle in th' unequal strife.
Yet ever and anon her thoughts would stray
To other forms, and light, like that of day,
Burst o'er the studied gloom upon her face,

Brightened the eyes, and left a pleasing trace
Of hope in future happiness, though now
The clouds hung low upon Fate's frowning brow :
And often she would murmur, " Rudolf mine,
Would thou wert here to kiss and call me thine ;
Would that this heart its troubled thoughts could
cease,

And in thy presence feel the boon of peace.
Oh ! come to me, let thy dear influence steal
Over my heart, thou know'st not what I feel !"
And oft before her would she cause to rise
The form of him so precious in her eyes.
Night had no terrors for her now, her soul
Had far outstripped her woman-fear's control.
Fast through the thicket to the well known spot
She wended on ; her brow grew burning hot
As nearer she approached. Short seemed the way
To her, tho' 'twas not short, but love's young day
Recks not of space. She reached a forest glade
Hemm'd round with trees, and wond'rously arrayed

In Nature's vest. Soft was the mossy ground ;
Dark into distance loomed the trunks around
Of giant trees, in vast primeval state.
In this lone spot 'twas her intent to wait.
All, all was silent.—'Neath fair Nature's bower
She waited patiently, until the hour
Should come of love, of truth, and leaning stood
Against a tree, in silent, pensive mood.
The moon was rising, quelling every fear,
"Short time remains ere Rudolf will be here."

Canto II.



THE organ peals its last long swelling notes,
Upon the air the solemn anthem floats,
Soul-stirring in its majesty of sound,
Waking deep sympathies, and casting round
Sweet influence. Who is't unmovèd feels,
When music's grandeur o'er his spirit steals?
Its grandeur, yet simplicity, for great
Is melody, and throned in simple state.
The church was old, grown grey, and dark with age,
Though still for years might winter's tempests rage
Madly around its spire, yet ne'er avail
To wear its strength. Within the churchyard's
pale
Reposed the dust of ages ; many a stone
Marked the last resting place of forms gone by,
Apart, and silent, ever more alone,

Told of the orphan's and the widow's cry.
The tombs were many, mossy grown, and covered
With the long grass ; sometimes the eye discovered
Some ancient stone with legend half effaced,
Crusted with damp, and never to be traced
By careless gaze, half buried in the sod,
Over whose surface crowds of feet had trod,
May be for centuries, until 'twas cast
Aside, a humble relic of the past.
The villagers thronged forth. The setting sun
Brightened as if his course had just begun.
Fit type of life ! when strongest fall its rays,
Oblivion rises to obscure the blaze,
Nor hope nor comfort can the spirit raise.
But the long pencilled sunbeams flashed upon
The quaint old windows, and the turrets shone
White in the flood. In silence came they forth
From the high service ; (for of little worth
Are those weak hearts that but in presence prove,
Nor carry out, their gratitude and love ;)

In that calm, peaceful silence could be traced
The thoughts of Heaven, not in their hearts effaced
As yet by Time.—*Too* soon to be erased !
Without they waited, till the Priest should come,
With the last blessing to dismiss them home.

All was soft hushed, and but that Priest remained
With two companions, who their steps restrained,
Spectators of the scene ; two opposite grades
Of human life ; one—old, with age's shades
Fixed on his forehead, though his eye still beamed
With pride, as if his youth had never seemed
Lighter than now : This was the magistrate,
Lorrenz by name. The other was a maid,
One of those pets unused to storms of fate,
Blue-eyed, fair-haired, with one long tress that
 strayed
Adown her neck. Oh ! rare, rare Madelene,
In few have e'er such charms as thine been seen !
Eyes that down-pouring beamed their liquid light,

Love subtly lying in the orbits bright,
—Love deep in truth. Her tresses loosely tied
With azure ribbon, could in nowise hide
The rounded head ; and at the lovely face,
Lighted with features of the purest grace,
Where would the heart be found which could with-
stand

To bow to virtue, and, at love's command,
Yield to such beauty ? Never Timon had
Nourished his hate, if Madelena bade
Him change. And many were the hearts that
poured

Their love in silence, that sweet form adored,
And in the temple of the inmost mind
Her well-loved image cherished, and enshrined
In hopeless constancy. She too must love
One, one alone ; nor yet she ever strove
To bar her feelings, and her love's bright day
Was passing happily in peace away,
Though but begun. Not like the Jewish maid

Loved, with a deeper passion ne'er to fade
With absence, but in fiercer zeal to burn,
When blissful memories to the soul return ;
Whose love, deep-rooted in her ardent breast,
Sought out its goal, nor wished a gentle rest ;
Nor could endure a chill to pass the spot,
Where on her heart there rested, ne'er forgot,
His memory for ever ; time might kill
Her body, but in death her soul would still
Cling to the past. Yet though these natures
 verged

So widely separate, in love they merged
Into one channel, each, to each unknown,
Rivalled the other. Worldly sunshine shone
Brighter on Madelene, her way was clear ;
Not like the Jewess, born and nursed in fear
And deathless hate ! Old Lorrenz had a son,
Rudolf by name, and on this star alone
Their futures seemed to hang. His was a state
Strangely opposed to the decrees of fate

In general ; by him *two* hearts enthralled !
Loved by two lovely ones ; this might be called
Love midst a crowd of loves indeed : but few
Can boast two souls' affection as their due.
Due strictly meted, yet may be 'twere well
If from one source affection's accents fell.
One fountain-head from which all pleasure springs,
And every aim of love 'mongst mortals brings.
Two, wearying ; one is ever full of change,
And down life's path that pair will onward range
While Time flies by, unheeding what may pass,
So it but brightens, and ne'er dims the glass
Of love and truth. Yet Rudolf could not see
Madelene's love, for the deep mystery
She clothed it in. His thoughts, his heart, his
mind
Lived but for Leah, and their hearts, entwined
In strong affection's knot, knew nought beside,
No anxious thoughts their depth of love could
hide !

They sat them down upon a rustic seat,
Watching the daylight and the evening meet,
Talking meanwhile, on many a subject dear
To all their hearts. A sound of hoofs drew near
Borne on the breeze. A simultaneous word
Broke from the three, one thought their bosoms
stirred—

“ ’Tis Rudolf ! ” — Like an arrow Madelene
Sprung down to meet him. Garmented in green
Was the rough path, with ferns and larches stooping
Gracefully o’er, and with the evening drooping,
Declining off to rest. And at the base
There stood the well-known form, with travel’s trace
Fresh on his person. O’er his noble brow
Spread the brown curls in wavy masses, low
Falling adown his cheeks, sunburnt, and browned
By exercise, while Health with blessings crowned
The starting life.—Just such a face we see
In treasured sculptures of the deity
Of manly beauty. Firm his step and free,

As ever that of the wild hart in spring,
When morning dawns and dew-gemmed copses ring.
She ran to meet him. "Ah! my Madelene,
The first home face that I for days have seen:
How art thou, sister? Days an age appear
When absence shades, and only hope can cheer
Onward their course. 'Tis but six days since here
I said 'Farewell,' and yet, it seems a year!"
He smiled and kissed her. Her blue eyes were wet,
The bright love tears were shining in them yet;
Not tears of grief, but of sweet hope, and pleasure,
And youthful love, life's truest, rarest, treasure.
His too were bright, but 'twas a different source
Yielded his joy. His home-affection's force
Struck on his heart. Slowly, and side-by-side,
They climbed the pathway by the streamlet's tide,
And hearty was the welcome. Absence proves
The eager whetstone to all thorough loves!
Till the damp shades of evening 'gan to pass
In weirdly wavelets on the dewy grass,

The soft night air began to whisper still,
And evening's breeze the quiet earth to chill,
And high in heaven calmly moved, among
The bright-attendant beauties of her throng,
The silver moon, and cast a purer light,
Than that which cheers the day, to greet the
 night,

They sat there talking, nor unmoved arose
To leave the twilight, and to seek repose.

“Art thou not coming, Rudolf?”

“Not awhile ;

I fain would stay and watch the heaven's smile.

'Tis such a moonlight as is rarely seen,

So fair and sweet. Good night, my Madelene.”

There is some strange and undefinèd power

Steals on us in the silent moonlit hour :

Never such thoughts flit 'cross the human brain,

As when the eye beholds the silver train

Rising in heaven, as the daylight wanes,

And earth, devoid of light, save theirs, remains.—

There is a wonder working influence,
That seems to lull to rest each burdened sense ;
To some on earth that time is Heaven's curse,
Then, rather than in day-time, crimes seem worse ;
That quiet and unflick'ring lamp on high
Seems an e'er-present and omniscient eye
To mark their sins. Though bright day's sun-
beams fall,
The hour of moonlight rules above them all ;
For solitude is strong, and with it brings
A wholesome longing after higher things ;
Thoughts above earthly musings o'er us steal,
And teach the soul to live, to love, to feel,
Feel for the future, finer, truer aims
Than those we seek, when earth the bosom claims !

And Rudolf left the house, and strode along
Humming the while the burden of a song,
A favourite.—Below, the forest stood,
The topmost branches silvered with the flood

Of pouring rays ; the depths were dark as night,
Looming out blacker for the whitening light
Which played upon the tree-tops. Rudolf stayed
His step upon the hill. “Night is arrayed,”
He murmured to himself, “in beauteous sheen ;
What art could ever hope to match this scene
Of Nature’s handiwork ?” and for a time
He stood there rapt, until the distant chime
Rang from the village ; t’wards the wood he turned,
A strange light in his eyes there sudden burned.
He reached the forest and in quickly went,
Cared not for darkness in his passion’s bent ;
So he but had the guerdon of *her* love,
Cared not for stars, nor wished a moon above ;
Her eyes served for his stars, he wished no more,
If she but loved him and all doubts were o’er ;
She was his light ; to stand those boughs beneath,
And hear the whispers of her bated breath,
Was joy too great for utterance !—The trees
Were gemm’d with dewdrops, and the evening breeze

Wafted them down upon his face, like rain
Refreshing the dry earth. The dim-heard strain
Of summer music, on the balmy air
Rose sweetly soft, like childhood's early prayer
Wakes echoes in the heart. The journey seemed
Short (though 'twas long) until the moonlight
gleamed
Through the tall trees, he reached the well-known
glade,
And folded in one long embrace the maid !

“ Ah ! Leah, Leah, do I now behold
Thy darling face ? Can it be true I hold
Thy gentle form clasped in my longing arms,
And see once more the star that bids me live,
Gaze fondly on the beauty of thy charms,
And all my feelings in that love-look give ?
Leah, my own, lift up thy welcome face,
Let me but gaze on thee, and gaze again,
Let thy dear presence from my bosom chase

All that of aught save thee doth there remain.”
She parted back her long dishevelled hair
And clung to him ; he stooped to raise her head,
She gazed up at him, and no *doubt* was there,—
In Rudolf’s arms, what though she lay there dead !
“ Oh Rudolf ! ” was the only word she spoke,
Yet that one word within his bosom woke
A stronger spur to urge his spirit on
T’wards honour’s barrier ; his soul was won
By hers ; two bodies, but the souls were one.
One long-long look,—he strained her to his breast
In a sweet kiss.—How pure with all its zest
Is a first kiss of love ! before the tide
Of sorrow’s torrents o’er the bosom glide.

I may not seek to tell that hour of love ;
’Twas perfect happiness, as that above.
The first outpouring of their ardent youth,
By heaven nursed, and fed by streams of truth,
Before the weight of falsehood on them lay

To darken life and hasten joy away !
Before the curtain of the world could rise,
And show its baseness to those tender eyes !
Though reared in sorrow, never had she seen
The gulf of dark despair which lies between
The happiness of youth and cares of age,
When Time has turned for aye his brightest page.

Long stood they there, beneath the beech's shade,
Joy at their meeting still their steps delayed :
They could not tear themselves apart, their dream
Was in its earliest stage, the golden gleam
Of hope's bright sunshine, tinged with fairest hue
Their minds' delight, and all the time that passed
Seemed but too short, for love is sweet to view,
And love,—*love* reigned, too happy long to last.
He took her to him. “ Leah, Leah mine,
Thou know'st I love, and that I would resign
All that I have of wealth for thy sweet sake,
All ties of love, save thine alone, would break,

Cast all to earth, and willingly lay down
My future hopes of peace, and wear the crown
Of poverty with thee, though 'tis a task,
Heaven grant, uncalled for yet. To-night I ask
My father's blessing on the beauteous bride
That thou shalt be when at thy Rudolf's side.
I ask his blessing, but if he refuse
To grant it to me, ere the kindly dews
Of four successive nights have kissed the world,
My filial duty to the winds is hurl'd;
Leaving behind dark persecution's blight,
We'll seek those lands whose faith is sunn'd in
 light,
Not, by the superstitions of a creed,
Which scouts all others, darkened, which may lead
To whole extinction of itself. Ah! no,
Heaven grants *some* blessings to its sons below.
We have the power, and have we not the will,
To live together in those blessings still?
My Leah, thou wilt come, thou wilt not stay

Thy steps to follow mine ? Say, darling, say !”
Gazing upon her with an anxious eye,
Yet doubting not, he waited her reply.
But Leah’s face was troublous, and her soul
Was racked by fears, as when some dreaded shoal,
Or rock, out-bristles from the billowy sea,
Filling a frail boat’s crew with agony
Half-rapt in doubt. So in a strange amaze
She fixed on Rudolf a long earnest gaze.
“ Ah me,” she said, “ can it be right that I
Should leave my brethren in their poverty ?
Because my heart has nursed a deeper love,
Should that all pity from my breast remove ?
Heaven whispers to me now ‘ Love is a gem
Brighter than any monarch’s diadem ;’
But even love may lose the gentle force
Which is its surest safe-guard, and remorse
Would weigh me down, if for a transient flame
I left my people to their doole and shame.
Pity me, Heaven ! I have ever been

Their only guardian thro' each troublous scene,
None but myself hath searched to bring them food,
(Although to bind me, are no ties of blood),
None but myself will ever seek to bring
To them the comfort in their sorrowing,
They can but languish in their misery,
Briefly, and bitterly, before they die."

But as she spoke she saw the anger rise,
Flushing his cheek and brightening his eyes.
"And speak'st thou thus? Thou'lt not leave them
for me,

Who would lay down all, everything for thee;
Thou ne'er hast loved me!"

"Ah! what may I do?

Each cloud seems darker than the last in hue!
Whate'er I do, my heart's tense chords must break
For theirs, my brethren, or for his dear sake!
'Cursèd be he that leads the blind aside!
Yet I desert them, blind and sick beside;
I thought that Love was all in all, yet still

Love cannot of itself sweet peace instil
To my sad, doubting, heart. Rudolf, forbear
Those angry accents, for I cannot bear
That *thou* shouldst turn against me !”

“ Thou wilt come ?

And seek with me in other lands a home ;
Say that thou wilt.”

“ Kind Heaven, hear my prayer !

I cannot, cannot leave him, let their share
Of trouble fall on me, hear and forgive !
With deadened heart, where is the boon to live ?
I cannot leave thy side, e'en did I choose,
'Tis wrong I know, still can I not refuse.
Yet,”—and her voice grew lower as she spoke,
Her towering form a passing tremor shook,
“ Rudolf, beware ! I love thee, love thee well,
Far more than thou canst ever dream or tell
In thy heart's visions, and I say, *Beware !*
Thou know'st my race, thou knowest that I bear
The nature of my sires within my breast,

An endless nature, never seeking rest ;
Ah, rouse it not, that heart, now all thine own,
If it thou would'st abandon or disown,
Would change its love to hate !—Oh, pledge to me
Thy Christian honour as a surety,
Never to leave the hapless girl to mourn,
Cursing the day and hour when she was born.
I doubt thee not, for doubt lives not in love,
It means but hate, and He who lives above
Fosters not mingled passion. For thy sake
I would keep silence, but, Rudolf, forsake
Me *never, never !*”

“ Calm thy anxious mind,
Think not in love that I am left behind :
If I should lose you, *lose*, ill-omened word !
I dare not speak of loss ! 'twere better heard
As death in soul and heart. What I have spoken
To thee in life, ne'er can or shall be broken :
Ne'er dread my falseness or my perjury,
For I must perish while forsaking thee !”

Her eyes were tearful, yet withal she smiled ;
“ What, weeping still ? Thou must not be beguiled
To doubt me, Leah. Now, farewell ! ” How soon
Comes the remorseless hour which separates
Hopes radiant with Life’s sunny summer noon,
While yet in vain, unknown, dark sorrow waits.
They clasped each other in a long embrace,
Heart pressed to heart, face gazing upon face !
How sweet that moment, yet, how quickly past !
Delirious in love while it did last,
Seemed a sweet Paradise, with all its bliss,
The fervid ardour of that mutual kiss !
A moment passed, and he she loved had gone,
In that dark forest glade she stood, alone !
Ah ! ever thus do pleasures yield to woes,
The sharpest thorn lurks ’neath the fairest rose ;
The fruits which grow on Zoar’s barren waste
Please but the eye and wither in the taste :
Eternity of pleasure, free from care,
Exists in Heaven, and only, only *there* !

She started timidly. "Is he not here?"

Hush, fluttering heart, what ill hast thou to fear?

Adieu, my Rudolf; cease to love thee? Never!

In life, in death, I'm thine, all thine for ever!"

Canto III.



THE night fast waned, and wrapped in
quiet sleep
The villagers were resting : silence deep
Reigned o'er the farms. A distant convent bell
Far borne on stillness over hill and dell,
Chiming the midnight, was the only sound
(And that but faint) which broke the calm around.
In the sweet happiness of rest enclosed,
The wearied heads upon the couch reposed ;
Banished all thoughts of evil through the day,
And all dull shades of sadness chased away.
And darkness closed upon the Styrian plains,
The myriad stars were shining in the sky :
Ah ! night brings rest, and peace its power regains

When balmy sleep lulls off each aching eye.
Yes, night was beauteous, when the shadows spread
Their veil but as a background to the scene;
The mountain sides were silent as the dead,
And quiet reigned where lately toil had been.
When all the land grew hushed by slow degrees,
The birds and nature's voice, alike, were still,
And all was silent, save the whispering breeze,
Or the soft plashing of the mountain rill.
And o'er the farm of Lorrenz the dark wing
Of night hung low :—the air had ceased to ring
With the young hum of voices, and the street
Was silent from the lately frequent feet—
A quiet homestead, with its well-thatched roof,
Seeming to bid all trouble keep aloof :
Warm, snugly built, and seeming as 'twould say,
“ Come, Winter, roar your loudest, many a day
I've housed the wanderer from your biting cold,
When your rude blasts about my windows roll'd
Showers of hurtling sleet. Come, come, old friend,

Your utmost energies against me bend,
Try if 'twill shake my rafters!" Many a year
That farm had stood, until it had grown dear,
Linked with the memory of days gone by,
To the rude masses of the peasantry.
When life declines, and faded is its morn,
Love we not still the place where we were born?
Though separate from it, still we ne'er forgot
The treasured features of the well-known spot;
In dreams, the visions of our youth again
Pass dimly mirror'd o'er the sleeping brain,
Like some sweet lyre, tuned to ancient lays,
Throb in the heart the chords of other days;
Ah! what earned treasure would we freely give,
In youth and carelessness again to live!

Night waned, and soon emerging from the wood,
Upon the silent threshold Rudolf stood.
Awhile he hesitated; on the die
His future life, his being seemed to lie.

And yet why did he fear ? Surely 'twas right
That man should love, where man his vows did
 plight :

Love is of heaven, it springeth not of earth,
Our world is far too sinful for its birth
When 'tis a virtue, and had his not thriven
The stronger for its purity, not riven
Asunder by the power that made it spring,
Uplifting love on fancy's buoyant wing ?

He entered quietly and crossed the hall,
But stood awhile before a close shut door,
And looked back. Weirldly did the moonbeams
 fall

Upon the surface of the shining floor.
“The time has come at last. It waxes late,
The hour approaching will decide our fate ;
My heart misgives me, and a dark, dark cloud
Is slowly clasping life as with a shroud.”
And then, as one who wanders in his sleep

He turned and entered. Oh! strange feelings
creep

Over the stoutest of us when we know
The crisis comes, of happiness or woe,
The turning point of life, perhaps for care,
Ending at last in that black gulf,—despair!
Old Lorrenz mark'd the change. “Rudolf, my
son,

What ails thee? tell me, for I am the one
By right should know thy thoughts.”—But then he
gazed

On his hot-pleading son, speechless, amazed,
As he proceeded with his tale of love—
Told how his joy on earth, and e'en above,
Was centred in another; with one soul
They lived, they loved, no power could control
The spirit's yearning, and no force could sever
The love of hearts which bideth on for ever.
Told how he lived for her, and her alone,
How but *her* image filled his bosom's throne:

Told of the vows that never must be broken,
The burning accents, dearer heard than spoken ;
The restless longing of the anxious heart,
To bid its troubles and its gloom depart ;
How that his love for her alone remained,
Ne'er to be ended or to be restrained.

His father looked at him, and deadly white
Grew the old face, in nameless, fearful dread :
He lost all consciousness ; his voice, his sight
Faded beneath the cloud that o'er them sped.
Still Rudolf, lost in his own love, but felt
That fate with him had coldly, hardly, dealt,
Until a long, low cry escaped the lips
Of the old man ; he sank upon the floor,
(As dims the sun behind the moon's eclipse,)
One cry escaped—but Rudolf's tale was o'er.
The silver head lay death-like at his feet,
Bowed by the sudden tidings.—Who can meet,
Without a pang, the tale which ruins hopes
Cherished for years ? who is't with misery copes ?

Wrecked were the dreams Lorrenz had fondly
nourished,
Blighted in bud before the blossom flourished !
He e'er had longed that he might live to see
Rudolf and Madelene in unity,
As well of body as of soul. Yet this,
This woman was to dash the cup of bliss
(But hardly tasted) from the rightful hand,
As her own due, and at her harsh command
His son must be her instrument ! 'Tis hard !
Yet ever thus life is from bliss debarred.
Few, few there are, to whom, beneath the roses
Pain never lurks, or every scene discloses
A panorama than the one before
Brighter far brighter, to life's utmost shore
Widely extending : No, no, 'tis in Heaven
Such never-failing springs of joy are given ;
Earth knows them not !—The purple grape is
pressed,
With costliest viands may the board be dressed,

Yet, how can we, the creatures of an hour,
Grasp fully all Fate round us deigns to shower !
When prizes seem the nearest, *then beware*,
They may be farthest from our touch, and ere
We can o’ertake them, years have flitted fast,
What present *was*, is *now* the mournful past !

He rushed to raise his father ; in his arms
He bore him up, his breast with dire alarms
Convulsive shook. “ Oh ! God, can he be dead ?
Father, look up ! Heav’ns ! can his soul have sped
With grief at me ? Have *I* this trouble brought ? ”
His heart beat wildly at the very thought !
“ Ho, Madelena, Friedrich, hasten here,
My Father dies ! ” A chilling, numbing fear
Crept o’er his bosom, and again he bowed
Over his sire. Again he cried aloud,
“ Help, hither, help. ” Pale was the old man’s cheek,
Parted the lips, as though about to speak,
Corpse-like the form, and the wild-staring eye

Fixed, terror-like, on utter vacancy.
So suddenly he fell, the feeble stream
Of life slow wandered o'er the well-worn way.
This awful moment was a life-long dream,
To live to Rudolf till his dying day !
The household flocked in, terrified ; they saw
The old man lying, senseless, on the floor,
As if down-smitten by some sudden blow ;
And o'er him, pale with pain, and bending low,
Rudolf his son. With one short gasping cry
Knelt Madelena at his side ; her eye
Looked wildly round, and caught as at a glance
All the deep secret of that death-like trance.
“ Kind God, Rudolf, what is it ails thy sire ?
Lower thy shoulder, raise the body higher !
Quick, servants, bear him ! Life is nearly gone,
Use utmost haste, convey him to his room !
All we can do, let it be quickly done,
Lest this deep swoond but herald forth the tomb.
Hark ! heard you not that deep, half stifled, moan,

Delay may prove it his last dying groan !”
Silent they raised him, heavy fell his head,
Slowly they bore him, corpse-like, to his bed ;
The door closed on them, waned away the sound
Of heavy footsteps on the planks around :
Still Rudolf stood there, silent and alone,
Passive his face, as chiselled out of stone ;
He saw them bear that senseless form away,
He saw how stiff and leaden-like it lay,
He heard their footsteps die away, he heard
Poor Madelena’s last despairing word ;
Yet could not move, his heart was bowed to earth,
Weighed down with care, he felt no more could
 mirth
Lie in his footsteps, never more could lend
A smiling welcome to him, never send
Comfort to heal his sorrow, or to make
A stilling comfort to the source of woe ;
His heart throbbed high as if about to break,
His lip but quivered and no tear could flow.

Oh! when on those our hearts are bound to love
Affliction falls, then is the time to prove
The deepness of affection; he who knows,
But cannot feel, their sorrows and their woes,
Cannot in spirit echo back each groan,
Harbour each pang, as if it were his own,
He loves them not; while bright the path appears
Love's track seems easy too, but when with tears
The flower is watered, then's the hour which tries
The perfect depth of all our sympathies,
The sterling value of the sacrifice
We would make for them. When all joys are
hurl'd

Far from our homes, and but the cruel world
Opens upon us, then love's power grows faint
Unless 'tis born of truth, each care's restraint
Adds a fresh item to the soul's complaint.

But round the sick man's bed there ever hovered
An angel, who with guardian pinions covered

Him from all tact of harm ; she whom he loved,
His Madelena, like a daughter proved,
So constant was her watchfulness, and he,
Who wrought all this of harm unknowingly,
Though crushed with doubt was the poor burdened
mind,
In love, in duty, was not left behind.

For days he lay 'twixt life and death suspended,
Upon an hour's turn his fate depended ;
But oh, it was a harrowing sight to view
The stricken form, the face's ghastly hue !
The fear that haunted every passing breath,
Lest that should prove forerunner of his death !
And when, at last, the watchers joyed to see
The welcome end of their anxiety,
What tears of happiness were silent wept,
When first released from pain, at rest, he slept !
“ Where is my son,” he asked, when first he came
Beyond death's reach, and at the mentioned name

Rudolf arose, from where, since that sad day,
He e'er himself had stationed, there to stay
Till Death relieved his father's suffering,
Or Health returned with blessing-bearing wing.
Nor would he leave his father since that hour,
But staid beside the bed, as if fear's power
Held whole dominion over him. His face
Was worn and pale, dull shades began to chase
That smile which aye was loved, and leave instead
A pond'rous weight to burden down his head ;
And those who saw the look hope could not quell,
Sighed as they murmured, " Yes, he loved him
well !"

When Lorrenz saw his son, and marked how sad
He seemèd now, wondered what ailed the lad,
But then outflashed the memory of that tale
Which he had heard ; and oh ! could nought assail
His son's rash promise ? Would that *she* had
perished,

Before she wrecked what he most fondly cherished !
And yet, though bitter was the cup to drink,
Perhaps 'twas better that his hopes should sink
Than Rudolf's : though 'twas hard, 'twas very hard
His life-long dream should from him be debarred !
—They tried to silence him ; he would not hear
Their whispered counsels and their loving fear,
Or heeded not, “ Rudolf, my son,” he said :
“ I do forgive thee, though would I were dead !
I blame thee not, since Heaven wills it so,
But never deed had such a troop of woe
To follow it ! Harken ! Thou'rt on the brink
Of a deep abyss ; pause or thou must sink
Beneath its surface.” Rudolf turned away,
He could not, dared not, listen to such speech ;
“ Father ! ah, speak not so ; there's but one way
Could suit me now, and 'tis beyond my reach !”
“ Thou lov'st her, Rudolf, well !”

“ I do, I do !

My heart would break if e'er we bade adieu,

No more, no more to meet in love again ;
Shut from each other by the strongest chain
That e'er could sever, or could draw apart
The fond, fond wishes of a mutual love.
As from the frost-bound earth the flowrets start,
They only sleep till summer can remove
The hardened covering which o'er them lies,
And bid them bud their beauties and arise—
So never can the biting frost of years
Destroy a true affection's fadeless root,
Held back, not smothered, soon real love appears,
With brightest blossoms, and with fairest fruit.
I know her nature and my own ; I know
Her strength of character, which midst the woe,
The ocean woe of poverty, could stand
Unharm'd by sin, nor bowed to crime's command."
" Hush, Rudolf, hush ! I see thou lov'st her well,
But ah ! I dread her love is not the same ;
Sudden affection oft is infidel,
Blazes a moment, and then fades the flame.

She does not love thee as thou shouldst be loved,
She loves thee never as thou lovest her ;
The shallow flick'ring ne'er has yet been proved,
Prove it to me"—

“—Father, no envious slur
Asperse her with ; the very depths of shame
May close o'er mine, but never o'er her name !
She is as loving as she seems, and true
Beyond the last grand boundary of truth :
Deceit e'er mantles in a gloomy hue,
Easily pierced, the lies which in our youth
We utter. Ah ! if ever thou hadst seen
Her fair young face, in all its love serene,
Thou wouldst not, couldst not doubt her ! Name
thy test,

I yield with pride unto thy poor request !”
“ The proof is this, my son. The Jewish race,
Once throned so high, tho' fallen from their place,
Have lost with rank, their hearts ;—they have
grown cold,

Callous, by reason of the waves that rolled
So hardly o'er them.—Stay thy passion yet,
List to my words, and never them forget.
Oh! think not Rudolf, that she loves as I
Love thee, my son, her race would e'er belie
Such thought as that. Perchance some passing flame
Has lent a radiance to her hollow heart,
Raising the head from depths of sorrow's shame,
Deeper to sink when the false hopes depart:
Try her with gold; if she accept the pelf,
'Tis proof she loves thy money,—not thyself.
I feel 'tis true, my inmost heart misgives
The shade of avarice within her lives;
I doubt her, Rudolf, doubt her for thy sake;
Better it were thy ardent heart should break
In baring all the truth, than leave behind
Some cloud to shade the sunshine of the mind.”—
—“Father, no more! I can endure no longer,
With all thy warnings, fate grows stronger,
stronger.”—

“If she were proved false to thee, wouldst thou cast
Her off?”

“Ay, if that moment were my last :
It ne’er will come ; those lips too young to grieve
O’er hidden sorrow, never could deceive,
Whilst even smiling ! Father, never more
Looks life for me as life has looked before ;
Joy is too happy, and too sweet, to stay,
’Tis scarcely found, when it must fade away !”
Old Lorrenz spoke : “Thou dost accept the test ?”
“I do in hope ; and when her love confessed
Stands clear as heaven before the storm clouds
lower”—

“Then, then, my son, within that very hour
Thou hast my blessing on thy Jewish bride,
Nor even custom shall you twain divide.”
With sudden joy sprang Rudolf to his feet,
With eager tones the welcome sound to greet,
Heaved high his breast, as though the current
strong

Of love fast coursing all his veins among,
Danced in its glee to find his hopes so near
To be fulfilled, nor any shade of fear
Darkened fond hope, nor dashed its pride from
 where

It sat enshrined, nor any thoughts of care
Dulled his delight. Breathless with joy he turned,
And all his nature with emotion burned.
Old Lorrenz smiled upon his son's wild glee,
Though numbed his heart was by anxiety.
"Stay yet, my son, the test is not applied ;
'Tis time to boast when once it has been tried
And proved but useless. Bid thy longing stay
All fond desires, and wait a crowning day
To all its dreams, however wide their scope ;
Hope not too much, lest truth fulfil not hope !"

The entry rang with sounds of coming tread ;
" Is't Madelene ?" old Lorrenz quickly said ;
And at the mention of her name he grew

Brighter, his face's pale and weakly hue
Heightened in colour. 'Twas with all the same,
The oldest, dullest, smiled to hear her name.
Oh! she was well-beloved indeed by all :
Like ivy twines around the lichened wall,
So round all hearts had Madelena thrown
Her silken fetters ; and they were her own ;
The oldest father and the youngest lad
Looked for her face, and seeing it were glad.
This is a love above all common loves :
General affection e'er the spirit proves
Worthy its homage, and fair Madelene
Was of each village heart the pride and queen !

They entered, two new comers, and the door
Was quickly closed. The maiden was before,
But following in her track behind, there came
One of a crafty look, and with a frame
Strangely proportioned, one whose lowering brows
Coldly repelled. 'Tis rare that mortal shows

Such cunning villainy, as seemed to lie
Within the twinkle of his quick black eye.
'Twas the schoolmaster Bertolf. He had been
(Tales went) in many a foreign clime ; had seen
(Perhaps partaken in) full many a deed
Of murder, piracy, rapine and greed.
But now for fifteen years he here had stayed,
His reformation had not been delayed.

Though calm the face, and fair the form without,
The heart oft feels a shrinking dread and doubt
Of something nameless, that the spell-bound gaze
Sees not, yet seems to see ; we cannot raise
The burden of suspicion from the heart,
We cannot bid the chilling fears depart ;
We know the man who is to work us ill,
We disregard it, but we dread him still.
There is an awful *something* in his look
Or mien, that shows, as in a plain-writ book,
All that he fain would hide or smother down

Beneath the semblance of a smile or frown ;
We know, we see the heart that lies within,
In every deed we trace the hidden sin.
The man of guilt and crime can thus be known,
He understands all minds, except his own !
He may outstrip the slur upon his fame,
Yet in our hearts we all can see his shame.
We laugh at prejudice and say, " Did he
Make his own face ? It is but vanity
To turn against a fellow man, because
His features come not under beauty's laws."
Yet, prejudice not wholly. Love we know
Springs at first sight, affection cannot grow
By reason of long-sufferance, and thus
Hate also springs. When first there comes to us
A seeming warning, then we should beware,
Our life-time's bane and pestilence stands where
The spirit's warning points, and we should strive
Against his wiles, if we in peace would live.

They talked in pairs; Rudolf and Madelene,
Bertolf and Lorrenz, and these two between
The speech was urgent, till the old man broke
The almost silence, and to Rudolf spoke :
“ Bertolf, my son, will seek this maid to-night ;
(’Tis better past,) thou, if it seemeth right,
Must now direct him, for thou know’st the way
To where these infidels at present stay.
Is’t not so, Bertolf?” And he turned his head ;
The other bowed, and to the young man said —
“ Tell me the way, and I will hasten now,
And e’en return before the moon is low.”
But Rudolf rose, and with a feverish look
Gazed on his face ; his trembling bosom shook
With love and hope. “ ’Tis the old ruined hut :
Thou know’st the way ; but, Bertolf, do not shut
Thy heart against these fellow-men of thine,
Do not be harsh to her who will be mine :
Trust not thine own speed when she spurns the
gold,

Send some fleet messenger, who can unfold
The tidings of refusal sooner, and
Softens the harshness of my sire's command."

But when without the threshold Bertolf stood,
A secret terror seemed to chill his blood :
Still suddenly some fancy seemed to rise
Within his mind, and in his deep-set eyes
There burned a lurid light, and all the face
Seemed darkened by fell purposes, no trace
Of mercy brightened it. "Heav'n, art thou blind
To favour thus the hater of his kind,
The poor Apostate Jew ! This money fans
The glowing embers of my deep-laid plans.
What ! have I toiled for twenty years that these
Accursèd Jews should rob me of mine ease ?
It shall not be, or I have borne in vain
The toil of years to win a home again.
Now, God of Jacob—Ah ! recall the name
That shows my origin, my former shame.

God of us Christians, help me now to bend
These Jews beneath the yoke, lest I descend
By their means to their level." With this prayer
Upon his impious lips he turned to share
The darkness of the groves. And now he ran
From farm to farm, and many a sturdy man
Came at his bidding, for 'twas Styrian creed
That Jewish woe by Heaven had been decreed ;
So came they quickly, and most hearts could feel
Some slight experience of fanatic zeal ;
And blame them not, for where the priests hold
 sway,

The peasants dream that darkness is noon-day ;
Fixed in belief, those laws they grant alone
Made by the *priests*, and for whose good ? *their*
 own.

So Styria's peasants thought 'twas good and right
To slay the Jews, earth's pestilence and blight ;
They knew no better, 'twas a holy cause,
They thought, and following their Maker's laws.

Poor fools ! as though 'twould please a God of grace,
That one should slay the fellows of his race !
Well known the path was, and they tracked their
way

In the dark gloom, as though 'twere brightest day,
Through the tall nodding groves of verdant trees,
By the closed flowers, where the wearied bees
Enhived lay sleeping, where the harebells blue
Dotted the earth with spots of freshest hue ;
Until they saw the silver moonbeams darting
Upon the ruined rafters, while departing
On either side ranged the dense wood, imparting
A back ground, grand and gloomy. Far away
Those leafy giants stretched ; ne'er e'en in day
Did sunshine creep to light the deep-drawn shade
Of woody solitude ; now o'er them played
The calmer splendour of the myriad stars
Studding the deep blue sky, the only bars
Between our earth and heav'n. A star's a gem,
Meet but to grace a Saviour's diadem !

There was the shed, beneath whose ruined roof,
Were housed the outcasts, banned, and cast aloof
From all their fellow-kind, because their faith
Was cursed beyond all other, and whose death
Was fated to be harsher ; there they lay,
Unconscious of the parts they were to play
In the approaching drama, while without
Waited their cruel foes, they did not doubt,
For e'en one instant, Providence ; within,
The hearts were pure, without, were dark with sin.
Yes, yes, 'twas true ! Though harsh might be the
lot

Of those poor souls, who dwelt in that sad spot,
Though scorned by all, and driv'n from land to
land,

With fiery scourges, and chastising hand,
Theirs was a nobler nature, and more true
Than theirs who had but ruthlessness in view.
Yes ! though far fallen from his mighty place,
The Jew could scorn the scorers of his race !

Then Bertolf entered. "Jews, come forth!" he
said ;

The summons once repeated, and a head
Silvered with age and with the snows of time
Peeped forth, astonished, from the open door.
"Who hails the outcasts in this hostile clime?
May not the Jews *die* on their tabued floor?"
And forth there tottered, doubtful in his gait,
Blind Abram, and toward the open gate
He strained his sightless eyes. "I called, come
forth !

Where is the Jewess Leah?"

"She went forth
Not half-an-hour syne ; 'twould be a task
To find her now ; but—wherefore dost thou ask ?"
And then a look of ill-disguisèd fear
Crept on the old man's face. "She is not here."
The words seemed comfort, as if Heaven would
say,

"From present ill thy darling is away."

But over Bertolf's countenance there fell
A look of triumph, triumph dark as hell ;
The path seemed easier ; she was away,
She whom he dreaded most, and he might pay
The guerdon to her parents, who for gold
Would may-be reckon not her truth was sold.
So far, the plot seemed brighter than before ;
Now for the trial ; all would soon be o'er.
“ I seek no ill, list here. Ye must not stay
Here in this neighbourhood one further day,
Or death awaits you.”

“ Who threatens us with death ?”
Said a weak voice, “ we fear it not ; the wreath
Of mourning flowers cannot distant be,
Years have elapsed since death could frighten
me.”

Quick Bertolf turned, and by his side he saw
Deborah standing. “ 'Tis the country's law :
Now hearken both, and as ye hear, obey.
I waste not words, nor, what I mean delay ;

If you remain here, persecution waits
Your sojourn, death stands eager in the gates
Ready to seize you ; you must not remain
Here longer, or all prayers will be in vain.
Choose this, or go. Ye see this purse I hold,
Heavy it feels, 'tis stocked with shining gold ;
This, if you go, is yours.—I am your friend,
I counsel you. Harshly your fortunes tend,
In this cold land ; evil the lot to bear,
Many the sorrows and the woes to share ;
Be warned in time, and go.” With glistening eyes
Started the Jewess, and in glad surprise—
“Thanks, worthy sir, we will ; may Heaven send
Its choicest blessings on the poor man’s friend !
Gladly we thank thee.”

“Deborah, stay awhile,”

Cried suddenly old Abram, and a smile
Of bitter scorn passed o’er the wrinkled brow.
“It must be he, and yet, how different now !”
For on the patriarch’s memory flashed again

A wide cathedral, where the anthem's strain
Was pealing grandly, and amidst the choir
Was one sweet voice amongst all others higher ;
This voice rolled onward, dream-like, till he knew
The owner was within an eye-sight's view ;
And forth there seemed to flash upon his mind,
The deep-laid treachery which lurked behind
This outward show of mercy, and his face
Grew paler. " Hold, as Heaven gives me grace,
I know the voice of him who speaks to thee,
A voice long since forgotten, but by me.
'Tis Nathan ! Nathan ! "

Livid grew the look
Of the Apostate, and with fear he shook,
Lest those without might hear. " Curse on thy
tongue ;
Man, keep thou silence ! " Yet the courtyard rung
With strife of tongues. " As there's a God in
Heaven,
I know thee Nathan, recreant ; and is given

Almost my sight to me. Hast thou forgot
The synagogue of Presburg—well I wot
Thou know'st the place where thou wert wont to
stand,

And sing thy praises at the Priest's right hand."

As a wild famished wolf when hunger bites
His every sense, and dainty prey invites
An easy capture, with a desperate bound
Bertolf sprang on him, forced him to the ground :

"Silence, I say ! my heart thou knowest well,

I love the present more than heaven or hell !"

"Ah, murder ! Help !" groaned Abram.—

"Take it then !"

One short half sob escaped, and all again
Was silent ; stretched upon the dewy sward
Lay the still corpse, and gazed up to the sky ;
Drawn stiff the face, for he had struggled hard,
Open and glassy was the dead man's eye.

As on the ground the murdered victim fell
Bertolf sprang up, as stricken by some spell ;

And now, as though the sky itself was riven,
Rolled one loud roar of thunder, and the heaven
Was lighted by a lurid flame, and then,
Close by the body of the newly slain,
Fell, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground,
A thunderbolt, and all the space around
Was filled with sulphurous vapour. Those with-
out

Brake in the door, and in a frightened rout
Rushed in, but when they saw that body lie,
And marked the dreadful look in Deborah's eye,
They stood aghast : but Bertolf slowly said,
"The bolt destroyed him ; 'tis the Jew lies dead."
Then they departed leaving that dark spot,
Wondering, yet religion's zeal was hot
Within their bosoms. 'Twas a righteous cause,
And Heaven had slain the one who broke its laws.
They left the spot, which erst so calm had been,
A place of mourning, and a murder's scene.

Canto IV.



OUR work is o'er, away, away,
Ended is the busy day ;
To our happy homes repair,
Quiet peace awaits us there.

“ All things fast sink off to sleep,
Balmy dreams the eyelids keep ;
Thoughts the wish can ne'er control
Pass in visions 'cross the soul.

“ Hail, to rest ! beloved of all ;
Sweet upon the spirit fall
Thoughts of happy, happy love,
Raise the heart to things above.

“ Homeward drive the pastured flocks,
When daylight sinks neath Lerna’s rocks,
When the glowing orb of light
Yields the sway to gentle night.

“ Rest is pleasant after toil,
To the children of the soil,
And our comfort homes repay
All the labours of the day,

“ On the hills the glow is cast,
And the sunlight dieth fast ;
Father, grant the boon of rest,
To each sorrow-stricken breast.”

—Such was the song that fell upon the ear
Swelling in cadence from the grassy vale,
Echoed in caverns where the rocks uprear
Their lofty summits, fanned by evening’s gale.
And down the hill-side wound a long array

Of labourers, and shepherds, wending home,
Chanting their praises at the close of day,
Thanks for the past and hopes for years to come.
Round the hill's base the sheep were safely flocked,
Whitening the verdant pass, the tiny bells
Tinkled harmoniously as they rocked,
And silvery music lived in those sweet dells.
On the high hills fell fast the crimson hue
Of parting day, the sight was fair to view ;
And the wild melody, which still uprose,
Lent but a charm nor broke the calm repose,
As the rich light lit up the sky around,
And tinged with radiance the horizon's bound.

“ Hail, sweet light, and hail to Thee,
Ever hallowed Trinity !
Father, grant a listening ear,
Make thy grace a dweller here ! ”

The shepherds passed from sight; the hymn was o'er,
And as they finished, daylight was no more,

But the grey haze of twilight dimmed the sky,
And the white moon began her march on high,
The hum of human voices sank away,
All that was living rested with the day—
Rest, happy rest, a boon indeed to earth,
A bound to pleasure, and relief from mirth :
Joy grows full wearisome, but silence brings
Whispers of heaven upon its welcome wings,
Whispers which never else may cross the mind,
When youth and buoyancy leave thought behind
For future age. 'Tis truly sweet to mark
The silver moon up rise, to cheer the dark
Expanse of sky, and lend her gentle rays,
Not as the sun, a burst of glorious blaze
Eclipsing all beside, but in her light
Purer and calmer : through the summer night,
Mellowed by distance, doth her silent face
Gaze on the earth, and mark each secret place
With searching eye.—For ages thou hast seen,
Thou pale, pale moon, the changes of the scene,

And still wilt see them ! From the azure sky,
What hast thou seen ? What has thy watching eye
Looked down upon ? The faces of the dead
Were known to thee : no sorrow-burdened head
But has found respite in thy quiet hour,
Safe from the burden of the cruel power
Of care and misery. Oh ! what foul crimes
Hast thou been witness of in bygone times,
Thou silent, wondrous moon ! Cursed, and yet
blessed

Thou art to man, thou leadest him to rest,
Yet oft thou prov'st his bane ; that very charm
Which sometimes shields thy follower from harm,
May prove his downfall, if he be not ware
Of those sweet chains, which please us but to
snare !

Yet, when in heaven's vault thou dost appear,
Thronged by thy brilliant satellites, all fear
Seems quick to flee, and in the hardest breast
Rises a *something* near akin to rest.

Evening crept on, and Lorrenz' farm was still.
Hushed was the land, the clacking of the mill
Had ceased. There was but one soft plaintive
sound

Broke the deep stillness of the air around.
From Lorrenz' home poured forth in saddened
strain

Sweet music notes, first swelling high, again
Down-sinking slowly ; all was still beside,
As if the very evening sought to hide
Its noise to catch the music, and the air
Waved with the measured notes, and seemed to
share

Their feeling. Ah, but there was bitter care
Within that house, no joy could enter where
Blighted was peace, nor ever more could come,
To shed a lustre on the darkened home.
And Rudolf was bent down. Ah, 'twas a blow
Too heavy for a human soul to bear,
The heart was crushed beneath its weight of woe,

Nor any gladness found a welcome there.
It was a blow ! He thought she was not true.
The proofs he had that she had ta'en his gold ;
Sorely his hasty spirit did he rue,
Her influence so strongly could him hold ;
He tore her image from its cherished place,
He thought of her as only of the dead,
Sin veiled beneath the beauty of her face ;
And care bent down the lately proud-held head !

She stood within the court, and the dark night
Seemed daylight to her, where her soul's delight
Abode ; for ne'er a doubt had crossed her mind
But that he loved her still. Ah ! love is blind,
And e'er is loath the first rebuke to deem
The utter waking from its golden dream !
Still she was wondering that she saw him not,
This was the hour, and this the appointed spot.
And here she waited, thinking of the time
When he would lead her to some other clime

To live in happiness ; but yet 'twas vain
To try to curb all thoughts, for they again
Would e'er return, and in a murmur low,
She wondered when himself would bid them go.
"Strange that he comes not; 'tis the appointed
hour :

Is beauty's curse to be my fatal dower,
Not love for love ? Never ! His words were
spoken

Too deep in truth, to rashly thus be broken !
Why should I thus torment with fears my heart,
Fears, that my mind doth instant bid depart.
Is memory false ? and can I e'er forget
The words he spake to me when last we met ?
No, no, my heart !" And then the music rose
Upon the wind. "What sorrowing strains are
those,

Breathed as the harp feels that joy's day is o'er,
Happiness gone, and peace, dear peace, no more."
She left her stand, and passed beneath the wall,

(Attracted as a bird by fowler's call),
Stood by the opened window, gazed within,
Unseen though seeing; Madelene was there,
A child of heaven, with heart unchilled by sin,
Nor e'er had troubles placed their signet there;
And Leah looked on her, and looked again
In strange timidity, a stinging pain,
Shot through her breast, the pain of jealousy,
The thought that in that household, Rudolf (he
On whom she built her being) dwelt to all
Temptations open; and he, he might fall
An easy victim to them, and might leave
Her heart bereft, and cause her soul to grieve
O'er that which once had blessed it. But she bade
The thoughts far from her breast. "They must
not fade

My soul's bright dreams; I will not think that he
Could doom my heart to such deep misery,
As must prey on it, if *his* heart grew cold,
And turned away from me; love's gentle mould

Must leave a firmer impress : but one light
Shines o'er my pathway, through the long, long
night,

And 'tis my love ; 'tis love that grants me peace
From care, from sin, and bids e'en sorrow cease
Its toilsome round."—Long time stood Leah there
Waiting for Rudolf, and alternate share
Had in her bosom hope, and chilly fear ;
Hope, every instant, that he would appear
To bless her sight ; fear, lest he might delay,
Perchance forget, to come ; unmeaning stay
Her stream of happiness. The shadows grew
Longer and darker, and the varying hue
Climbed higher, higher ; still he never came,
And icy pangs shot through her gentle frame,
Breathing she knew not what, a feeling strange
As yet to her, beyond th' untutored range
Of her young mind. Doubt doth not live with
love,
Yet doubt will oft sincere affection prove.

A remedy, though harsh, will sometimes give
An end to pain, which otherwise would strive
Against the heart, till both alike must fall,
And deep forgetfulness roll over all.
Yet doubt is near to hate, and piles the bier
Youth's visions to entomb, the dreams most dear.
Oh ! would that thou, poor maid, hadst never met
Him that thou lovedst ! Ah ! harsh fate had set
A gloomy future for thee, from the hour
When first thou knew'st love's maddening burning
power,
And joy'd in it. Would that prayers might avail
Thy bosom's idol in its place to save ;
Yet, 'twere no use, they would but raise the veil
Sooner to leave thee, lone, the world to brave,
And show the utter worthlessness behind,
To warp too soon that gentle, trusting mind,
Too young to meet the storm-burst and too pure
To bow to sin's dark shame, but would endure
All hardness, coldness, with a soul that soared

Far above earth, although the heart outpoured
Its noblest thoughts in silence, and unknown,
Save to the brain which claimed them as its own,
Till dearth of comfort slowly blighted all
That once was bright, on which the shadows fall
Dimming all future hope, while hope is waking
E'en to its prime, until—the heart is breaking !
Oh ! Life, what art thou after all ? A vale
Of tears and sighs, youth, beauty, glory, fail
One after one. Yet beautiful to see,
To one who knows it not, is vanity,
Until the lapse of ages breaks the crust
Of outward brilliancy, and shows the dust
Of which the idol, hugged to every breast
Was all composed ; the wolf is ever dressed
E'en as the lamb ; that town most fair without,
Is always worse within. We must not doubt
All, everything we love, but we must guard
Against all falsity, which doth award,
Finally, nought but shame, which fails and leaves

A sorrowing spirit, and a soul that grieves
It so had been deceived, as not to mark
The rotten veiling of the hidden spark
That gnaws and burns within, until all life
Is swallowed up in an unmeaning strife.

She gathered courage : " This was Rudolf's home,"
He who had prayed her earnestly to come,
And yet he was not ready : till at last
With trembling hand, and bosom beating fast,
She knocked the door in hopes that he might hear,
And so remember ; he might be thus near,
Almost she thought she heard his voice—Alas !
'Twas but a thought, and thoughts like lightning
pass.

Her knock was faint, unheard. The abbey chime
From Lerna hills, had marked, 'twas past the time,
Far past th' appointed time ; she knocked again,
Louder this time ; and now 'twas not in vain.
For while she stood there, feverish, a voice

Thrilled on her ear, it made her heart rejoice
Even while trembling, Ah ! now must be blasted
The bud of joy, so beauteous while it lasted !
“ Who is it comes, with such unpitying ruth,
To mock the silence of the house of woe ;
To view the joyless state of age and youth,
Where streams of anguish o’er their spirits flow.”
Slowly the portal opened, and Lorrenz
Issued therefrom. “ Accursèd woman, hence !”
He almost shrieked, when first with staring eye
He saw the cause of Rudolf’s misery.
“ Accursèd, comest thou, too late to save,
To scatter mockeries on thy victim’s grave ?
I bid thee hence !” The deep-set eye flashed fire,
The son’s proud spirit burned within the sire.
On that old man the Jewish maiden gazed,
Not angered, but spell-bound, as if amazed
By the strange tidings. High she raised her head,
“ Whom speak’st thou of ? I know not who is dead.
I have slain no one. Stay,” across her flashed

A dim foreboding of some future ill,
And from her cheek the starting tear she dashed,
“Is Rudolf hurt or dead?”—“Deceiver, still
Look’st thou for him? Dost ever think that he
Could lower all himself to think of thee?”
“He is not dead, thou say’st, then why should I
Become the source of any’s agony?
What meanest thou?” But in old Lorrenz’ mind,
Had vanished now the feelings once so kind;
The proof was strong, although her mien was
proud,
She was an utter hypocrite, nor bowed
By modest reticence, therefore he thought
’Twas only avarice that thus had brought
Her still to haunt his son. Had he but known
That she was innocent, he would have shown
As much of kindness to that trembling form,
As now of sternness in his passion’s storm.
“Thou sordid, wretched woman, as I say
The matter lies, as truly as that day

Precedes the night. He looked for *love*, and *that*
He found not in thee, though thy witcheries sat
Deep on his heart ; thy cursèd love of pelf
Hath dimmed his future, while—it *damned*
thyself!”

But Leah stood, with stony, fixèd gaze
Full on his face, a look of blank despair
Stamped on the cold, pale features, not amaze,
But utter hopelessness was planted there.
In all her féar she scarce had thought of this,
And now the dread reality had come,
He, who had lately prized the lightest kiss,
Doomed her a houseless wanderer to roam.
Could it be true ? And then one ray of hope
Broke forth ; but ah ! ’twas faint, and scarce could
cope

With dread conviction ! Would that he were here
To save or slay ; truth cannot be so drear
As cruel doubt. “ Oh ! wait till *I* have heard
Myself him speak to me, although his word

Should kill me there ; 'twere better thus to die
Before my love lives but in memory !

Oh ! let me see him, hear him speak once more,
Once, only once, and then—let all be o'er !

Let me but look on him, Rudolf, again,
Then let me die if I shall be his bane !”

Scarce had she spoken, when beneath the door
Stood Rudolf, and she roused herself once more,
The blood rushed back and blushed upon her cheek :

“ ’Tis he !” she cried, and scarce could further speak,
Her accents were so broken. “ Thou wilt prove

These cruel slanders false ; thou know’st my love,
Can’st never doubt it ! Thou hast been to me
Most dear, and so I dreamt I was to thee !

Say, was I wrong ? Say, hast thou kept the oath
Thou swor’st, and which was echoed by us both ?”

He gazed upon her stedfastly, his eye
Softened so late by love, shone brightly dry
As if in bitter anger, while upheaved

His chest in fitful gasps, as though it grieved

To enter on its task, to breathe the knell
To hope, and bid to joy a long farewell !
She met his look with an unshrinking eye
Fearless at first, then with a stifled cry
She marked the change—"Rudolf, what ails thy
spirit ?

Tell me thy grief, that I at least may share it !"
As when upon the hills the rooted oak
Falls prone to earth beneath the woodman's stroke,
As shrink the foe before the hero's lance,
Her spirit sudden fell beneath his glance.
"Most perjured of thy sex, in maddened haste
I pledged my troth to thee—I will not waste
My words on thee, thou heed'st them not—all, *all*
I ever said of love I now recall ;
Think not, at woman's pleasure human hearts
Can thus be toyed with, as the stinging darts
Which rankled deep in them availèd not
To bate her cruel will, one single jot
To turn her from her purpose, or to make

Her pause and think, before she stoops to break
A heart too loving to withstand the shock,
Though her's may bide unmovèd as a rock.
Now hear me out ! Thou, whom I trusted most,
Hast played me falsely, and my soul has lost
All hope of thee. I loved thee more, far more
Than father, or than honour ; all is o'er,
Blasted by one fell stroke. Thou, *thou*, hast sold
Thy present and thy future life for gold !
For filthy lucre ! Bitter was the hour
That showed thee to me, for love's burning power
Veiled all thy falsehood from my blinded eyes
Until 'twas full ! Oh ! God, why hast thou made
Such black-drawn clouds before our hopes to rise,
Till all the promises of life must fade ?
I can no more !" He turned his head away,
And one large tear coursed slowly down his cheek,
His heart seemed bursting, as it could not stay
Its wild pulsation ; and he ceased to speak.
The moonlight fell upon the mossy ground,

Silvering silently the scene around ;
And there he stood, his hands upon his face,
His bosom heaving, as it fain would chase
Sad memories far, but could not. There were three,
Each with his separate work of agony.

She was half terrified, all this was dark
To her, and terrible, she could but mark
That he was angry, and she shrank beneath
The fire of his glance, as at the breath
Of the fierce sand-wind Egypt's lily lies,
O'er charged with heat, and yielding sweetness
dies !

She was not guilty, but she could not bear
Him to look harshly on her ; she would share
His troubles if he had them. " Rudolf mine,
Whate'er thou hast of care, is also mine."—
She stole beside him silently, and took
His hand in her's. Instant, he roughly shook
Her off. " False woman, get thee hence, I say !

I know thee not, thy form is torn away
From where it once reigned paramount ; I know
Thy cruel treachery, and that doth show
Thy shallow heart ! Gold has updrawn the veil
Which glazed mine eyes, thy arts will nought avail
Against pure nature ! Heaven ! to think that thou
Would'st have deceived !"—

—" Rudolf, but hear"—

—" Thy brow

Seemed crowned by innocence ; no more delay.

I have no part in *thee*, why dost thou stay ?

Was not thy pay sufficient"—(on the ground

He dashed his purse ; it burst, and scattered round

The glittering coins)—" add this to that thou hast,

And sell to me oblivion of the past !"

She cried, as he turned from her to the door,

" Rudolf, but hear me ! Rudolf, I implore

Thee, listen to me ! Some one has deceived

Thy heart, and poisoned 'gainst me all I had

Of pleasure, and of that I am bereaved !

Stay, Rudolf, stay, thy doubts will drive me mad!"
She sprang quick after him. "Let me but speak!"
"Thou hast, enough, what further would'st thou
seek?"

Thou hast destroyed my happiness!" The door
Was closed upon him, and the wind out-bore
The last few words. Then rushed upon her mind
The thought "I am bereft!" and left behind
No hope to cheer; all strength forsook her frame,
She cried once more upon the cherished name!
Wild gazed she round upon the placid sky,
And senseless sank upon the dewy ground,
All life forsook her, with a wailing cry
She swooned, and all again was still around.

Canto V.



THE day was breaking fast, the god of light
Had chased the shadows of the silent
night,

And in the east the rosy hue proclaimed
The morn at hand ; the stars, as if ashamed,
Had ceased their light, one, only one, remaining,
The fairest of them, and e'en that was waning.
The fresh, soft breeze was whispering 'cross the
fields,
Breathing a fragrance o'er the teeming land,
Blessing with increase all that nature yields
To hardy labour with a willing hand.
The drifting clouds by the mild wind were fanned
Slowly and lazily across the sky,
Like a huge flock of sheep pastured on high

They seemed, as white they slowly wended by.
On Lerna's hill shone bright the breaking day,
From Lerna's peak the clouds were rolled away,
And all the vales were bathed in light ; the horn
Of rising shepherds smote upon the ear,
Breathing the very spirit of the dawn,
Seeming to bid each mortal banish fear.
The hamlet was now stirring, and the street
Already echoed back the sound of feet,
As now a troop of maidens passed along,
Their voices chorusing a joyous song.
They came to Lorrenz' door.—A month had passed
Across Time's record, since we saw it last ;
Rudolf had promised instantly his sire,
Since *she* was false, and all their love was o'er,
That he would yield to all of his desire,
And never see the Jewish maiden more.
His father long had wished that Madelene
Should wed his son, and the one bar between
Was now removed. True, this a pang had cost,

But after all, what had his Rudolf lost ?
A woman, false in nature and accursed,
So 'twas decreed for ever : she who first
Stole his son's heart, had hoped, and tried to break
It in her avarice, for *this* one's sake
It scarce were well to grieve. This time the blow
Had fallen harshly, but did that not show
That it were well, if, in some novelty
His son could break his sullen lethargy ?

So Rudolf was to marry Madelene,
Though all the past seemed yet to lie between
The fulness of their love. She could but know,
His very heart was shattered by the blow
That one had dealt ; but still she thought that he
Would over-live it, or at least, that she
Might help his soul to bear it. Oh ! the love
Which prompted her was noble. She would prove
That love was love for ever, that must bring
Some slight return. All, all his suffering

She too would bear, and if his heart should sink
Beneath its load adown the yawning brink
Of dark despair, her's too would fall, nor stay
When all his joys and her's were torn away.

The maidens stayed, a blooming group before
The old farm-house, assayed to ope the door ;
It still was closed. “ Madge, Madelene, we come
With flowers to deck thy future bridal home !

“ Haste ! arise, the dawn is breaking,
Chase the bonds of sleep away,
'Tis full time thou should'st be waking,
For it is thy wedding day.”

She heard them call, and to the window frame,
Roused from a reverie, she smiling came.
“ Thanks, Kate and Margaret, and all beside
For your good wishes ; never think a bride
Would sleep beyond the dawn ; I will descend
And ope the door, and pray your presence lend,

As well as help." And with a speedy hand
She raised the latch, and all the youthful band
Poured in to welcome her; and now the day
Began to wear its sunny hours away.

It *was* a festival. Lorrenz had spread
A bounteous table for the poor; his head
Was blessed a thousand times. Sweet music strains
Were ever heard, and all the village swains
Had donned their best. Oh! 'twas a glorious time
As e'er was that, when in its earliest prime
The great world was. The thickly branchèd trees
Waved at the onset of the quiet breeze
That stole among the leaflets; 'neath the shade,
Apart from those who merrily on-played,
Were groups reclining, and the hours passed,
To those young souls, brief as a cloud is cast
Athwart the sun, which for a moment hides
Its glory till the piercing ray divides
The flimsy veil and scatters light around;

So, quick the pleasures passed. The quiet sound
Of the church bells chimed sweetly in amain,
Anon up swelling, then half hushed again.
At last, amidst the blessings whispered loud,
The bridal train passed slowly through the crowd.
First came ten maidens, in their kirtles dressed,
Chosen for bridesmaids from among the rest,
Chanting a jubilee the while they moved,
Invoking blessings on the pair they loved.—

“ Happy the hour that brings

Union upon its wings,

And all of sorrow flings

Far from its train.

Happy the youthful pair,

And may their spirits share

Freedom from every care,

While cares remain !

May but Life's sweetest side

Beam on the village pride,

And on his fair young bride ;
All sorrows die ;
Leaving no saddening trace
To mar the bright young face,
May joy the troubles chase,
Soon fleeting by !”

The way was strewn with flowers, carpet meet
For such occasion ; and the blithesome feet
Tripped merrily along. Old Lorrenz came,
Sprightly as though his bent but hardy frame
Felt no effects of sickness, but appeared
As well as any, and his head up-reared
As once in youth. Time had passed kindly by
The old man’s form ; his eagle piercing eye
Glowed as in childhood, though full many years
Had passed him on the road, with griefs and tears
Too often rife ; yet on this festal day
He seemed as if his age had passed away.
They reached the church ; and waiting at the door,

Stood the old pastor ; as their footsteps bore
Them near, they bowed the knee ; and silence filled
The summer air, which but just past had thrilled
With joyous merriment. Th' assembly heard
The pastor's welcome, and his kindly word :
“ Bless you, my children, and may God in Heaven
Prosper your union, may to you be given
Earth's brightest guerdons.” Many a tender

breast

Heaved high with blessing when they mark'd the
prayer,

Full many a voice breathed “ Amen” to the quest
From Him above. Sweet was their love ; and fair
Was now the scene, upon the mossy sward
Tall manly forms bent down before their Lord.

They entered all. Within the dim-drawn aisle
Rudolf and Madelena knelt. A smile
Played on her features ; in that holy place
She seemed an Angel filled with heavenly grace.

The quivering beams which through the windows
came

Fell softly, like God's smiles, upon her frame.
But Rudolf wore e'en now, a look so sad,
That many wondered ; all the welcomes glad
Poured forth to him but grated on his ear ;
E'er would to him another form appear,
He never could forget *her* ; he might try,
And half-succeeding, live, and strive, and die,
But never could forget her ! So they stood
There, side by side—the saddened and the good.

The service was proceeding, and the sound
Of the deep organ pealed in strains around,
Sweet and yet rich. From the green woods
there came

A female form,—'twas Leah. How that name
Would have reproached him, had he but known all
That cruel men had striven to fulfil:
Too late, alas ! would he shake off their thrall ;

The cords now bound, would hold both heart and
will.

Slowly the Jewess came ; her raven hair
Was loose, and ruffled by the breezy air
That played in it, the wavy mass, unbound,
Streamed o'er her shoulders to the velvet ground,
And the soft linen turban round her head
Gained not in whiteness, only seemed to shed
A deeper contrast, as its snowy hue
Seemed dull before the brightness of her brow,
Serving to give her beauty all its due,
Though pensive 'twas, and overshadowed now.
Inviting was the silent churchyard's shade,
Solemn and lonely ; so here 'twas she stayed
Her wand'ring steps. Was this some wondrous
thought
Of Providence, that hither she was brought ?
She had strayed on,—she did not know nor care
Where she was coming—but—she had come *there*.
There at the very moment, when within

The church's walls, was crowned a deed of sin !
Can this be chance ? Can atheists madly call
That power a mock'ry, which thus guides us all ?
No, no—the spell, which with a subtle power
Governs our actions every passing hour,
Is the kind hand of heaven. When earth began
Its grand existence, think'st thou, scoffing man,
That *this* was chance ? Think'st thou that man is led
Alone by that he stores up in his head ?
That 'tis a fickle fortune rules our earth,
Prone, now to sorrow, and now prone to mirth ?
This is a heathen creed. A heathen dream
Was its first germ ; but doth the fruit beseem
Those who have now the Gospel's shining light
To beacon them with glories ever bright ?
No, he who yields to *chance* all things unknown,
Measures th' Almighty wisdom by his own.

She stood and mused awhile ; recalled the past,
Alas ! too bright, too beautiful to last !

What had she done? She did not know her crime :
He must still love ; their hearts had once united ;
Would not his love outstand the lapse of time ?
Must all her cherished dreams for aye be blighted ?
Ah yes ! she felt 'twas true ; her ears had heard
His laugh of scorn, the last most stinging word
Of anger burst from him ; and as she thought
That he could deem she could be basely bought,
The flush of anger mounted to her cheek,
And thus, in murmurs, she began to speak :
“ Can it be true that Heaven ne’er forbids
Such deep hatched treachery, but shuts its lids
To such base perjury ? To me he swore
His heart, his soul, must love me ever more ;
And—I believed him ! Then he forged a tale,
A bitter lie, his pretext to avail,
—And cast me off ! The hour is now too late ;
My race can *love*, my race can also *hate*
While life exists : but ah, my soul is dead !
All that I loved in life has fled, has fled !

The lamp exists, but quenched is its flame,
And it but rears a hollow, empty frame
Over sweet hope's dark sepulchre. My heart
Must now forget those happy, sunny days ;
Like lightning's flash the fleeting hours depart,
Which vanishes while brightest it doth blaze.”
Her voice was choked by sobs, the pent up grief
Burst from her heart, and wildly heaved her breast ;
But ah, her sorrow could find no relief
In tears, nor that now blighted heart find rest.

Poor girl, there were none in that hour of need
To cheer her darkness, or to sow the seed
Of future joy ; her's was a barren lot ;
Deserted, lone, and even *he* forgot
His plighted oath. Could but her sorrowing soul
Have sobbed its grief away, and all control
Of self been lost, then while her nature gave
Dominion up she had escaped the grave—
The grave of all her hopes ! But no, ah no !

Her's was no common grief, nor petty woe ;
It was a weight which but with life departs,
When Heaven can soothe the over-wearied hearts.
Her's was a nature that could never brook
Such slight as this, which while it rudely shook
Her inmost feelings, dulled the source of hope,
And left *no* weapon for her heart to cope
With all its agony, with all its pain !
Wearisome task ! To chase, and chase again
Those darkening doubts, whilst ever they return,
With newer power. Oh ! the soul must yearn
For final rest, long that her course were o'er,
That Heaven's sweet Home were hers for evermore.
Long, vainly long to send herself away,
Far from this earth, to that sweet, endless day !
And Leah wished this, while the blinding tears
Streamed down her cheeks. To all there aye
 appears
The vision of the end !—And thus she mused
On all the sweets fate had to her refused.

She listened :—" Ah ! I hear a distant voice !
A nuptial blessing—Oh ! the happy pair !
Would that, like theirs, my spirit could rejoice
In innocent forgetfulness of care !
I too join in that blessing. Oh ! may they
Ne'er know the pangs that I have felt this day !
Amen, to that bright blessing, and again
May they be happy in their love !—Amen !
—I would that I could see them, for one face
Of truthfulness would seem to lend a grace
And tone to life. From yonder oaken door
I can behold them,"—and she slowly bore
Her footsteps thither. All at once, a chill
And dread of some fresh, overwhelming ill
Dulled all her mind. " But hark ! their voices
speak."

She ope'd the door, and gazed—with one sharp
shriek

She started back. "'Tis he !" the Jewess cried !
"'Tis he !" the echoing woods and vales replied !

She closed the door. “Heaven, you did not hear
My last ‘Amen.’—You could not bend your ear
To listen to such blasphemy! I call,
I call it back! Why did not lightnings fall
Upon my head, ere I should bless those who
Have robbed myself of all that is my due?
Why does not earth gape open as they kneel
Before God’s altar, and Hell’s compact seal
With semblance of religion! May they feel
As I do now, and may the words they say
Haunt all their slumbers till their dying day!”
She wept no longer; all her grief was turned
To bitter wrath, and all her spirit burned
Within her breast. There was an ivied stone
Stood by the church, it reared itself alone,
Apart from all around; it might have been,
In ages past, a sign to mark the scene
Of some event, ’twas ruined now; she leant
On it exhausted, as her passion’s bent
Swelled deep within her. All her lineal hate

Boiled in her veins ; the pious thoughts of late
Were all forgotten, and with conquering hand
Hate ruled her heart to bow to his command.

There was a hand upon the church's door,
There was a step upon the mossy floor.—
—'Twas Rudolf!—But he saw *her* not ; he came,
Leaving the joyous throng, to cool his frame
With the light air. The pageant that was past
Had made him sad ; his heart was overcast—
—Thinking of Leah.—Oh ! had he but known
An hour sooner she was innocent,
And all that was of falsehood was his own,
Would that last hour have been in marriage spent ?
He bared his brow. Amid the branches' shade,
The tiny zephyrs softly danced and played,
Cooling his heated head. “ Ah yes, my soul,
Thou must seek comfort now ; thou'rt near the
goal
Thou must arrive at. Have I wrought aright ?

Will all these actions bear a stronger sight
Than that of man? Will Heaven approve the
course

I have pursued? May not the shade, remorse,
Deride my age, and darken that old home,
Watch lest the angels' whispers near it come
To raise its tenour? 'Midst that ritual
Methought I heard her well-known accents call,
I thought I saw her face, and her dark eye
Blazing in wrath, I thought I heard her cry!"
The Jewess saw him, and with death-pale face
Gazed steadfastly at him, nor moved her place,
But listened, silent. Yet was in her look,
In the wild beat with which her bosom shook,
A proof of passion only half concealed,
Which would not shrink, but rather be revealed.
"Thou thought'st so, did'st thou? Yet thou
did'st not shrink
From thy deep wickedness! Thou did'st not
think

Then of thine oath ?” He turned and saw her.

High

Towered her form, sublime in majesty,
But 'twas her *glance* that would have lowered all—
All mortal, and compelled them down to fall
Owning her pow'r. “Is there a God above,
Who hateth treachery and honoureth love,
Yet can have sufferance of such perjury
As that which stamps the seal of hell on thee?”
She raised her arm, that rounded arm and white,
Which once so readily would oft entwine
With his, when he was precious in her sight,
Before dark falsehood dimmed the glad sunshine!
“Thou wert the first,” he said, “to break thine
oath ;

It is thy greed which hath undone us both.
Oh God ! that ever it should come to this ;
I thought thou wert too holy ! when my kiss
First pressed thy brow, how little did I deem,
Soon lust would rob the jewel of its gleam ;

Its crown of brightness, purity !" Her head
She raised in scorn : " What speak'st thou of ?"
she said.

" Speak ?—I ?—Of that thou didst so soon accept,
Of that which rendered all my life bereft—
The bribe to buy departure." As he spoke
A sudden light on Leah's darkness broke :
This then had been a plot, or else some lie,
Deceiving him, had made him pass her by :—
But, he could deem her worldly ! " And *you*
thought

That I had taken it ! I could be bought
To lose my honour ! You could bring your brain
To dream that I had taken it, could stain
My spotless innocence !" —But then the sobs
Swelled in her bosom, and in tearing throbs
She strove to smother them ; in vain—in vain,
They would burst forth, with stronger force, again !
" You—you on whom my hopes so firm were built,
Could think that I would bow to such base guilt !"

“Leah, one instant!”—and a dreadful fear
Crept on his mind, “an instant—instant hear!”
Like some poor wayfarer whose footsteps wake
The deadly venom of the hidden snake,
She started, and her dark eyes fiercely blazed,
At him, in withering scorn, the orbits gazed—
“Hear thee? for what?—It surely ne’er can be,
That *thou*, a *Christian*, should’st so stoop to me,
A Jewess, as with careful zeal to show
Why thou hast plunged me in the sea of woe!
Christian—keep off! I cannot breathe the air
Thou breath’st, and live. As I can never share
Thy treachery, so can I never hope
To counter thee, or with thy mind to cope.
Dost thou not fear, when speech to thee is given,
To raise thy voice within the arc of heaven?
Dar’st thou pollute, with thy dark, perjured breath,
The summer air, and lade the winds with death
Culled from thy lips? What one of God’s com-
mands

Hast thou obeyed ? They bid thee not to steal—
Thou stol'dst my heart with unrelenting hands,
Nor all its blight could make thy spirit feel.
'Thou shalt not lie' ? Thou swor'st an oath to me—
Thou hast it falsified—Can heaven see
Thy sin unmoved ? Will not the lightnings cast
In anger thence, thy traitor forehead blast
With the deep mark of shame ? Love's now too
late,
Remains but death, and never-ending hate
T'ward thee and thine for ever. God, give ear
To what I pray. On him who standeth here
Shed nevermore thy grace. Curst may'st thou be ;
(Disgrace to man, and worse than pest to me ;)
Thine be the blasting curse of endless woe,
For thee no tears of gentle pity flow ;
May fell remembrance dog thine every act ;
Thy heart for ever be with anguish racked !
May all thy years increase in bitterness,
And may the vision of the fatherless,

Her bitter curse, cling to thy seed and thee,
In life, in *death*, and in *eternity* !”

“Leah, have pity, mercy !”

“Not for thee.

That stern refusal that thou gav’st to me,
I now return to thee. When I implored
Thee listen to me, with a scornful word,
And sneering tone thou bad’st me go—I went,—
And all my nature to my vengeance lent
Its whole existence. May the earth deny
Thee e’en a tomb, when thou dost sorrowing die,
And God—a home ! Heaven grant that I may
slake

My thirst for vengeance, though my heart should
break

During its course. Now, as in ancient days
My fathers ratified their oaths, I raise
My voice to God. Amen, to that I said,
Amen to all my curse upon thy head—

Amen !” she ceased ; and while her voice still rung

Around, the chorus in the church upsprung
In one long, deep "Amen": it was, as they
Had ratified the curse pronounced that day;
Deep on his heart those angered accents fell,
The past was Heaven to the future hell!

Canto ൫.



TIME! thy long cycles saddening memories chase

From every mind ; yet oft there is a trace

Of bygone ills lurks in the bosom's shrine,
Rendering sad the thoughts of all divine
And hopeful longings. As the rocky bed
Of some parched mountain spring shows what has
been,

So, deep-felt conscience rules the pillowed head
And casts a gangrene o'er the brightest scene.
Yet, Time, thy power is great ; we must allow
That many a grief doth to thy sceptre bow.
'Tis well perhaps that *some* should feel sin's baue ;

That *some* should pay the price in aching pain;
'Tis well perhaps that some few hearts should
 know,
And feel the burden of their fellows' woe.

Some sins there are which never, never die,
There are some visions that can never fly,
There are some memories which can never fade
Till joy has been too long, alas! delayed,
To yield their end. Rest! where, oh! where is
 Rest?

Where, where is comfort for the stricken breast?
Is it on earth? Here can we ever find
A shining halo for the troubled mind,
To light its darkness? Doth earth's surface give
The greatest of all knowledge, how to live?
Live in sweet purity, unknown to sin,
With all the feelings of the soul within
Free and unfettered. Doth earth yield this joy?
Ah no!—Its fleeting pleasures only cloy

The appetite they pamper ; when the day
Of care and memory, (not so separate
As most would deem them), breaks, there is no ray
Of genuine goodness to assist their state.
Ah ! Time, 'tis true thou may'st deceive the soul
Part to forget, it never can the *whole* !
Ever before the sinner's straining eyes,
The crimes of yore will darkly seem to rise ;
The life behind has left a lurid track,
And 'tis not his to send the visions back !

'Twas summer prime. The wheaten ears were
growing
Yellow as gold, and all the world was glowing
In the rich sunlight. All the woods were green :
Leafy the trees, and many a woody scene
Was pleasant now, some shady, cool retreat,
A graceful shelter from the summer heat,
Where the sweet tinkling water rambles on
Over its pebbly bed, with low, soft sound,

Like the strange music of the dying swan,
Singing the while it flutters o'er the ground.
'Tis sweet to wander in the woodland's shade,
To lie still, dreaming, in some silent glade ;
To watch the rocking of the thick spun trees,
The king-ferns waving in the quiet breeze ;
To watch the flower, that blooms to die at even,
Send up its fragrance as a gift to Heaven ;
To listen lazily while half awake
To the sweet music of the happy day,
In that dear desert where no strangers break
The settled calm of nature's holiday ;
To watch, in measures, on the velvet grass,
Between the leaves stray beams of daylight pass,
Dimly down streaming, in a motey maze,
While the bright source is hidden from the gaze
By the green roof. Yes, Solitude, thou art
To most, delightful, yet can memory's dart
Strike in thy presence. Still to those who have
No dark remembrances to quite enslave

All happy retrospect, thou art most dear,
Then 'tis, that all the days of youth appear
To brighten bleak old age ; the sorrows past
Seem almost joys, we know that they *are* past ;
Perhaps we know for what those griefs were sent,
For what bright aim those fleeting tears were meant ;
Those whom He loves He chastens, and we feel
This was the love He would to us reveal ;
Maybe that sorrow kept us from a sin,
It *surely* purified the heart within ;
We know 'tis true what cherished sayings tell,
In joy, in tears, " He doeth all things well."
Rest fosters love, and rest is ever pleasant,
Ever soothes down the anger that would rise,
Solaces equally the Prince and peasant,
And dries the tear-drops from a mourner's eyes.
Yes ! Rest is ever pleasant, and the weary
Seek in its bosom respite from their toil,
Seek its kind aid whenever life seems dreary,
And lets and hindrances their spirits foil !

High Lerna's top was sunny as the rest,
Mantled with gold, and its tall, misty crest
Bordered by vineyards sloping, sloping down
In slow descent. The dim-defined crown
Was rarely seen ; cloudlets would chance to stray,
And round the summit circling, there would stay
Till others chanced there too. The vines were
 beaming
Now, red as gold ; the orchards bright were gleam-
 ing
With the ripe fruit. Oh ! Summer, thou art fair !
Thy beauty—wonderful ; thy power—rare !
When all the land is bathed in golden light,
When winds sigh softly through the balmy night,
When gaiety can reign alone, supreme,
And earth looks fairer than it e'er can seem
Apart from thee. Thy spirit rules the flowers,
And wild with playfulness roll by the hours
Of day and night. Yes ! 'tis a happy prime
Of earth's existence, the bright summer-time !

At Lerna's base there stood, as there had been,
The house of Lorrenz ; five years' change of scene
Had left it standing as it stood of old :
Five years had passed, had onward ever rolled
Since last we saw it. The enduring strife
Of bitter nothingness, which we call life,
Had far progressed. Maybe these years to some
Had yielded earthly blessings, these oft come
To mortals, but—had Rudolf fared so well ?
Did he ne'er think of that dark Jewish spell
Thrown on his house ? of her whom he had left
With broken heart, to live and die—bereft ?
To live, e'er wishing for that welcome death,
Grudging the sigh of every passing breath,
Longing, e'er longing, that dear death would
 come,
To ope the vistas of the promised home.
And did there never flit across his mind
The memory of hours, now left behind,
Though dim with age ? Ah ! who of man can tell

What thoughts were his, what fancies often fell
Upon his heart? Save Him who gave him life,
And the dear partner of his love—his wife,
None knew. Still, oft how bitter are those cares
Which ne'er appear, although the spirit fares
The worse for silence. Oh! save those who feel
And know these things, how little can we guess
The troublous thoughts calm faces oft conceal,
Seeking to smile away their bitterness!
Oh! rotten joys and smiles, that oft appear
While the poor spirit bows beneath its fear,
And load of sorrowing! So Rudolf felt
He must look careless; but his life had dealt
Death to his heart, and crushed beneath its load
Of heavy memory the voice that shewed
The road to better things. He still lived on,
As one who hears, but marks not, some old
 sound;
Life seemed a blank; no more the sunshine
 shone

To scatter blessings on the path around.
Her form still mocked his gaze. Her ringing curse
Seemed yet to threat a coming evil, worse
Than all before. To outward eyes he seemed
Prosperous, happy, and his vineyards gleamed
Brightest of all, his orchards were the fairest,
Of all the flocks his were by far the rarest.
Yet still there loomed the shadow of the past ;
Still on his hearth the blight of time was cast ;
The spectre of Remorse seemed still to mock
A nature, deadened by that one fell shock,
And Memory's troupe danced 'cross his throbbing
 brain,
Dim, dim-heard voices like the pattering rain
Upon the window. "Rudolf, is it thou ?
Is that the mark of Cain upon thy brow ?
Art thou a murderer ? Man, thou art accurst ;
She loved thee truly, but thou wast the first
To judge the righteous, and from thy lips came
The words of sin and everlasting shame.

Rudolf, she cursed thee, and to her was given
The potent key to shut thee out from heaven !”
Thus seemed they ever, ever on to sing ;
Ever and ever in his ears would ring
The hateful threats of conscience. When he closed
His eyes in sleep, and on his couch reposed,
That very sleep was waking ; when awake,
They haunted him again ; he could not break
The strong-forged chains of retrospect. Oh, thus
The sins, thought buried, rise and rise again.
Long hidden crimes are oft revealed to us,
Though we may think no traces can remain :
The grave has buried in its dark recess,
Perhaps for years, the record of a sin ;
Yet once it will reveal our wickedness,
Lay bare the evil, thought and worked within.
We learn thus much,—To men all may be dark,
As the lost bones beneath the silent sod ;
But where there lives to man not one small spark,
’Tis clear as noon-day in the sight of God.

And oft he wished to leave the unwelcome voice,
Rouse all his manhood, and in youth rejoice ;
'Twas vain, 'twas vain ! The voice his spirit
daunted,

That deep, hot curse, his memory still haunted
As if 'twere yesterday ;—he saw her now,
He saw the anguish on her noble brow
Struggle with pride, until the former yielded,
Then, as with Titan's strength, the ban she
wielded,

Weapon-like, which for ever was to keep
His days from pleasure, and his nights from sleep.
Sadly he paid the price of her young heart,
Deep in his bosom lay the piercing dart ;
His actions bore the impress of that past,
His mind unsettled as the whirlwind's blast.

Madelene knew this ; she alone could trace
The secret anguish lined upon his face ;
She, only, made him, if it were not glad,

At least resigned to fate, and not so sad.
They had a child, a daughter ; and her name
Was one which had a strange and certain claim
On both their bosoms ; “ *Leah* ” was she called—
A troublous name, in that it e’er recalled
The action of a sin. Fair Madelene !
Thou wast too bright for such an one as he :
Thou flittedst sunlike ’cross the dullest scene !
He loved thee ; yet, in truth, he *loved* not *thee* !

It was the Harvest-Home. A merry crew
Were celebrating holiday ; but few
Of all the villagers were absent. Here
Were youth and age, commingled in a rout
Of gaiety and merriment, to cheer
The Autumn in, and play the Summer out.
Lorrenz had broached the largest cask of wine
His cellar held ; and ’twas a splendid quaff,
Which made the dullest greybeard’s visage shine,
And he among the merriest could laugh.

'Tis truly sunshine to the heart, to see
Such fill of happiness and jollity !
The songs were ringing of the jocund band,
Who danced till giddy, till they scarce could stand
For want of breath. It was a holiday,
A right-down merry, and a festal day,
For 'twas the fifth bright anniversary
Of Rudolf's wedding. Many a friend had he
Among that throng, who with a loving heart
Joyed in his welfare ; nor did envy's dart
Rankle in any breast. He was not there
To hail his bridal day, the mirth to share,
So old Lorrenz, though feeble now by age,
Stood in his place,—the sire for the son ;
The sire, whose name upon fair memory's page,
Had been unstained since first his life begun.
And Madelene was there ; grown comelier now
Than e'er before. Smiles wreathed upon her brow,
The tiara of happiness ; not strange
When Rudolf was not there, that she should change

Her outward seeming to the world, for why
Should all the joy of life within *her* die?
Her darling child, the household's dearest pet,
Was playing by her side. Since last we met
Changes had wrought apace, though plenty
 crowned
Still, as it used to do, the fruitful ground.

Old Lorrenz spoke.—“ My friends, thrice welcome
 here,
More and more welcome each returning year,
Whilst grace like this is showered on our heads,
And bounteous Heaven still its plenty sheds
Upon our land. Our Rudolf is away ;
Would that he could have seen you here to-day !
But 'tis, I fear, too late. Vienna's city
He seeks ; his errand is a work of pity.
He goes to beg our gracious King recall
The thralling edict 'gainst the Jews.” But all
Looked gloomily at this—“ Then will they come,”

Said one, "to live and make a lasting home
In our dear village?"

"Wherefore not?" He turned,
That proud old man, and in his heart there burned
A spark of grief. "And wherefore not?" he said,
"Why should the load of sin be on their head
Rather than ours? Surely their race's stain
Has faded now, for centuries have rolled,
Long cycles passed, since that dark crime of old
Proved their great downfall, and their country's
bane.

There was a Jewish maiden, years ago,
I treated harshly, and beneath the blow
Her spirit sank. Would she were here again!
Repentance follows crime, and still remain
Dark thoughts to me!" And silent then he stood,
Unconscious of those round, in musing mood.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, and by degrees
The place was empty. Then did Madelene

Sit waiting for her husband ; every breeze,
She thought, must be him, till the branches green
Waving, showed not. So, oft will fancy play
Upon our minds, and bear the truth away !
The heart can school itself to any creed ;
The slightest wish, perhaps, can sow the seed
Of a long hope. Sudden there rose a sound
Of angry voices, and the air around
Was torn by noise ; it nearer, nearer came,
And curious wonder filled her gentle frame.
“ What sound is that ? Surely it is a crowd
Angered and turbulent !—The rout grows loud,
And comes this way.” Scarce had her footsteps
 roved

Beyond their present rest, scarce had she moved,
When, stained by travel, and with dust defaced,
A woman hurried on, pursued and chased
By men behind ; but one short instant more,
And death had reigned that hunted being o’er.
A coarse serge robe a perfect form concealed,

Scarcely hiding, for withal it but revealed
Different charms. But now dark terror reigned
Over her features, labour-worn, and stained
Almost by sorrow's touch. She quickly passed
To Madelene; her enemies were behind,
But woman's sympathy was instant cast
O'er Madelena's half-bewildered mind.
Where is the woman's heart that does not feel
A pang to see her sister in distress?
Almost unconsciously there seems to steal
Over her heart the touch of tenderness.
No matter if her brooding fancies cherish
Some hatching quarrel, just to be revealed,
Malice, revenge, alike will instant perish,
And the heart's throne to subtle kindness yield.
Grief fosters love, and sorrow's hard-linked chain
Tightens the bonds of love and unity;
Except affection nothing can remain
Where thou dost reign, divinest Sympathy!

On came the villagers : “ Fair lady, give
This woman up ! A Jewess may not live
An hour within our province.” And among
The foremost rank of that excited throng
Stood the apostate, Bertolf. “ Madelene,
Yield up the cursèd Jewess ! Thou hast seen
More of their race than likes thee ; ’tis the law
Sanctions our quest, and we must wait no more.
Yield her to us !” ’Twas said in harsh command,
But Madelene’s high spirit could withstand
Still greater force ; her womanhood, her pride
Swelled uppermost, and boldly she replied :
“ Never, to you ! you have no legal right
Thus to pursue her, and before my sight
Afflict her thus ; your warrant, signed and sealed
I first must see, ere I can dare to yield
Her up to ye !” With baffled rage he shook ;
She met his eye with an unshrinking look ;
A righteous cause strengthens the feeblest arm,
And gives the smallest act a heavenly charm.

“Be it so then ; and we must first obtain
This needless warrant ”—Bertolf spoke again :
“ See that thou renderest not, by word or deed,
Food, rest, or comfort to this woman’s need,
Or thou must answer for’t. I warn thee thus,
For in our wishes thou hast now balked us,
But shalt not so again.” Away they strode
With fell intent, and in a murderous mood,
Seeking a life. But as they waned from sight,
And Madelene gazed on the sorry plight
Of the poor Jewess, love reigned in her heart,
Dispelled mistrust, and bade all pride depart ;
Love swelled in all the bearings of her soul,
And rising burst beyond the mind’s control.
“ Poor maid,” she said, “ thou’rt thirsty ? Yonder
 well
Will yield relief. Stay—doubt is infidel
To human love.” She ran in anxious haste
And loosed the bucket ; but a single taste
Was all the woman needed. “ Thanks, thou hast

Some kindly feelings,"—and her eyes she cast
O'er Madelene's figure: sudden change
Spread o'er her features. "Heaven! is it so?
Is she at last within my vision's range?
My soul, thou art bereaved of half thy woe!"
As she thus spoke there was a deadened sound
Of horse's hoofs upon the turfy ground;
Madelene sprung to welcome Rudolf home,
All doubt was past, she knew that he had come!
But as she passed the Jewess raised her head
With timid glance—

—Heavens! had the quiet dead
Yielded a spirit? For that noble face
Showed in each lineament, each faded trace
Of former beauty, still the same contour,
The face of one, thought gone for evermore
Beyond our world. 'Twas Leah, but how changed
Was now her form from that which once had
ranged
By Rudolf's side, basked in the sun of love,

Of heart-felt happiness ; it ne'er would rove
In such deep joy again ! She wildly flung
Her long hair back. “ From whence hast thou
 upsprung,
Thou Fiend, to torture me ? Hast thou not dealt,
O Heaven, too hardly with me ? I have felt
Thy blasting anger.—Ah ! why should I stay
Longer my hand ? And she I saw to-day
Was once my rival ! Oh ! kind Heaven, forgive
My prayer for death, for I must live, *must live*
To work my vengeance !—Stop, they must not find
Me here, for surely feel I, in his mind
My memory still bides on—I hear their tread—
Where can I hide ! Ah ! yonder straw-thatched
 shed
Will yield a shelter.” Back she slowly strayed,
Slowly and painfully, for toil delayed
Free motion.—Now their voices filled the air,
Rudolf’s and Madelene’s. “ How didst thou fare
At Court, Rudolf ? ” She leant upon his arm,

Clinging to him, as if from every harm
He was her shield. “ Mine own belovèd wife,
Far beyond all my hopes, for now all strife
Between our people and the Jews is o’er,
And dove-eyed peace reigns o’er us evermore.
Leah, my child !”—The little infant sprang
In loving eagerness to kiss his face ;
The echoes with her baby welcome rang,
Nor on his countenance was now a trace
Of secret pain. They sat upon the ground,
She gazing up at him in love profound,
Unutterable. Would’st know the words they
 said ?
Would’st know the gladness that was o’er them
 shed ?
I cannot tell it, for my feeble pen,
Is powerless to thus attempt again
To mirror love’s deep truth. But ’twas an hour,
This of reunion, more ripe in power
Than years of other scenes. Long sat they there,

Talking of that for which he left his home,
For while his joyfulness her heart could share,
She too was thankful he, at last, had come.

And Leah looked on them, and spell-bound heard
That which they spoke ; each, each succeeding
word

Impressed her deeper, till, at length, she stept
Forth from the shed, and in deep silence crept
Nearer them, though behind. Did He above
Remember all her sorrow, and her love
Too early blighted, love in sunshine nourish'd,
Yet nipped in bud before the blossom flourish'd ?
But howsoe'er it be, long doubts and fears
Were half unseated from their ancient throne ;
The swelling eyes could scarce restrain the tears
That would have made the spirit all their own.

But as they stirred, she rose again to seek
A hiding-place.—“ Oh ! Rudolf, I must speak

To thee of somewhat else,"—and Madelene
Looked all around her ; nowhere could be seen
Her she had left. "A Jewess hither came
To-day, pursued."—

"A Jewess ? Know'st her name ?
It may be Leah, ris'n to cheer my gloom,"
Cried Rudolf breathlessly. "Pursued ! by
whom ?"

"Alas ! I know not, though I left her here
I see her not again, and much I fear
She hath departed. Stay—she may have sought
The house within."—"My Madelene, well
thought !"

Cried Rudolf. "Yes, I would this woman see,
One of her race may clear the mystery
Of a past life." They rose and entered. She
Who had them heard thus far, how did *she* feel ?
Did not her heart grow tenderer within ?
Did Heaven's influence o'er her spirit steal,
Cleansing it from the burden of all sin ?

“ Ah ! me,” she cried, and her poor, throbbing
breast

Told how too deeply dwelt his memory there,
“ Where is the end, and where the hoped-for
rest ?

Ah me ! my life I may no longer bear !
I *may* not love him, love is past for ever !
’Twere crime to look in love upon him now !
Oh ! Rudolf, why did God our spirits sever ?
Why bear’st thou still the brand upon thy brow ?
I cannot love, I cannot love ; thou hast
Destroyed, oh Fate, my life ! No more, no more
Can I look on in hope, for *hope* is past,
Past when the vision of my youth was o’er.
Yet one remembrance lives. Would I could see
And clasp that form by evil undefiled,
That I could mark with sweet anxiety
Her father’s features in *my* Rudolf’s child.
My Rudolf, *mine*. Yes, though we live apart,
Must love, must die, untended by each other,

There is in thine, as in my longing heart,
A tiny voice no change of scene can smother.
I feel 'tis true ; our never ripened youth
Passed like a summer shower soon away,
Yet, like the rain, it left the seed of truth,
Retarded, but not banished from the day.”
Thus, in a tone that would have forced a tear
From heart of adamant, she built the bier
Of future hope ; but one more stroke was needed,
And heavenly light to her dark gloom succeeded.

The little Leah, Rudolf's only child,
Had wandered from her mother, and in wild
Amazement she was gazing. Was it fate
Made Leah turn to where the infant sate ?
She turned, she looked, (“ Kind Father, thou hast
sent

A gracious answer, and I am content—
It must be Rudolf's daughter !) Hither come,
My pretty child, tell me, is this your home ?”

Fearless the little one ran to her arms,
The Jewess' face aroused no harsh alarms
Within her mind. The tiny treble voice
Of the young infant seemed like cherub's singing
To Leah, as if it bade her soul rejoice,
Its way to bliss it was already winging.
“ Yes, I live here.” Leah, where was thy hate?
Did thy deep vengeance at those words abate?
Did all the cherished hate and hope of years
Wreck in a moment? Did no envious fears
Play on thy fancy? No, all hatred slept,
The fountain of her pity flowed again;
Past sins were buried, and she wept, she wept,
Sobbing as though 'twould ease her spirit's pain.
“ What is your name, my darling? and is he,
Rudolf, your father?” (One short breathless
minute,
Hours of *being* passed in sympathy,
Bearing the stamp of happiness within it.)
“ Leah's my name”—she would have added more,

But she was hindered—"Memory *is not* o'er
Then, in his heart. My darling, come to me,
Has he e'er spoken of that Leah, she
Who knew him once?"

"Oh! yes, I always pray
For her before I sleep." As dawning day
Shines on night's countenance, on Leah's face
There shone again a strange ethereal grace.
She clasped the infant wildly to her heart,
She strained her close, and the long rankling dart
Was now plucked forth; then at that long, long
sigh
Drawn from the depths of her young, ardent soul,
The Recording Angel blotted years gone by,
Part *quite* effaced, and dimmed the darkening
whole!

There is more joy in Heaven, the Scriptures say,
When first repentance sheds its hallowing ray,
Than if the myriads of saints uprose,

Those who had buffeted life's hardest blows
Unmoved, unshocked ; had seen the day-spring's
light

Steadily beam upon them through the night,
The long night of their travail. Joy was given
To the bright ranks of Cherubims in Heaven
At that poor Maid's forgiveness, as she strove
To work her glory, and to prove her love !

She tore herself away—"For me, too pure,
Thou darling child"—and with quick hand she gave
A rosary into her grasp. "Be sure
Thou giv'st this to thy father, and him tell
'Leah forgives him ;' bid him now dispel
All memory of her in her lonely grave!—
Heaven ! thou hast heard, and thou wilt bless me
now ;

Thou hast removed my labour from my brow,
And I will wander to the western home,
The Land of Promise, where no more can come

Trouble and sorrow." On that wan, pale face
Beamed God's own light,—and she had left the
place.

The child was wonder-filled ; her young life's day
Knew not such agony as Leah's. " Stay,"
She cried—" kind Lady ;" but the echoes woke
Sullen response to all the words she spoke.
" Father!"—and on the threshold Rudolf stood,
Fair Madelene beside him. " Would I could
Have found her, Madelene ; that I could see
Her face once more, and hear her say to me
That she forgave me. I could happier die
If I could help her from her poverty.—
What say you, child ?"

" There was a lady here
She gave me this for you."

" Is Leah so near ?"

Brake from his lips. " I know this rosary,
She snatched it from me on my wedding day.

Where is the lady, child, which way went she?
False pride no longer bids my heart delay."

"I see her, see her!" Soon as they espied,
They sped their footsteps quickly to her side.
Her limbs were weary, and her strength was gone,
Long days and nights had worn her to the bone;
She had not wandered far. They raised her form,
Weakened by reason of life's heavy storm.

There was one long, long spirit-yielding look,
One silent tremor both their bosoms shook,
And all was over, evermore. Their love
Was past in one sense, yet in heaven above
It still was clear as is the noonday sun,
In that wide glass love's sands would never run.
"Ah, Madelene!" whispered that angel heart,
"My fathers call me, and I must depart!
See, Madelene, I take his hand, but 'tis
To place it in thine own, may Heaven's bliss

Be yours for ever."

"Leah, thou must not die!

Once more on earth our spirits meet together:

Oh! let death at our glad reunion fly,

Nor leave his sting the flowers of life to wither."

One look she gave him. "It can never be!

I am too happy in my bliss to live;

What use were now all earthly gems to me?

I seek a nobler joy than they can give!"

Her head sank down upon that once-loved breast.

"Rudolf, farewell! my blessing on thee still!

I am too happy far to live; my rest

The thoughts of Heaven seem gently to distil."

There was a sound, a heavy, moving tread

Of hurrying footsteps; then swelled loud and dread

The cry of voices, and upon the scene

Rushed Bertolf with his myrmidons: "Obscene

Jewess, thou'rt here,"—through his clenched teeth

he hissed,

Here is the warrant for thy capture, list !”

But Rudolf turned with anger in his look,

“ Hush, Bertolf, hush thy voice ! I cannot brook

This rage, for thy poor, helpless victim lying

Here in my arms, is in her sorrow dying !”

But scarce had Rudolf syllabled his name

When Leah raised her almost fainting frame,

Roused with strange energy. “ Let me but see

This Bertolf’s face”—she looked—“ ’Tis he ! ’tis he !”

She cried aloud, “ Nathan, and thou art there ?

Why dost *thou* not thy race’s troubles share ?

Attend ye all ! This man ye so have cherished,

Before his nature had in falsehood perished,

Was but a Jew !” Then on that wondering throng

Fell the conviction of her heinous wrong

At this man’s hands. “ A Jew !” exclaimed the
crowd,

“ A Jew, thou, Bertolf, Nathan !”—and aloud

Broke the deep curse upon him. On his brow

Thick drops of chilly sweat were clustering now,
His face was livid, for the truth, now told,
Could a long chain of mysteries unfold !
But *one* more effort ere his doom was cast,
One act of hatred, though it be his last.
The crowd looked threatening at him. " Friends,
she *lied*."

" I do *not* lie ! I stand before my God !
'Twas by thy hand the old man, Abram, died ;
Well wer't for thee if thou his path had trod."
All chance was over now. With a fierce bound,
Drawing a knife, he sprang across the ground.
" This be thy fate, she-devil, like his, who
Tried to keep from me all my well-earned due !"
Bright gleamed the dagger, but his arm was stayed
By Rudolf's, and the deadly point delayed ;
Forced back by crowds, his hands together bound,
His sin found out, he glared on all around—
" Fools that ye were ! *this* is the end of all
Your boasted confidence, which yet could fall

On a Jew's whisper.—" One within his reach
Ordered the desperate man to check his speech.

Then shrilly piercing was the Jewess' cry,
" The God of Heaven speaks to me from on high,
As Jael smote the tyrant Sisera's head
So I to thee ! Thy villain course is sped :
Die, traitor, die !" —and quick as thought she drew
A poniard from her girdle-brace, and flew
To work her vengeance. But a higher power
Than mortal arm restrained her in that hour—
She loosed the weapon. " Thine, oh ! Heaven, thine
Is all the vengeance, and Thou wilt repay
All that Thou deemest due to me and mine ;
Thine is the hour, and Thine the appointed day !"
A more than earthly beauty had she now,
A heavenly halo seemed to crown her brow.
Alas ! alas ! 'twas but the last strong force
Of vital energy's fast-failing course.
She staggered, fell—'twas in Rudolf's embrace ;

He gazed once more upon her dying face,
He slowly sank upon his bended knees
To give her dying moments greater ease ;
Upon her features played a cherub light—
“ Farewell, my Rudolf, we will meet once more—
My days are ended, I have fought my fight.”
Her eyes slow closed, and Leah’s life was o’er !

Was she not happier now ? Aye, happier far
Than e’er on earth. Her once so beaming star
Had set, had waned ; but though to mortal sight
All now was past, was buried in the night,
Far, far away, upon a happier shore,
She ransomed lives in joy for evermore.
All the dark clouds of earth had passed away,
All the dull shades which dimmed her youthful
 May,
And she was happy. Yet a little time
And all her friends would reach that distant clime
Where she now waited them. Oh ! thou most fair

Of earthly fair ones, grander joys to share
Is now thy glorious future ! Thou most pure,
Who couldst such bitterness of woe endure,
Blest be thy sleep ! Thy spirit from its clay,
In one loud burst of music wings its way
Beyond Heaven's firmament ! Farewell ! Farewell !
Thy sweet forgiveness tolled thy dying knell.
Blest angels guard thy soul ! Thy bitter woes
Are lost for ever in the deep repose
Of joy, seraphic bliss ! Once more, farewell !
Farewell to thee, since thou hast ceased to dwell
Among us here, and never more can sorrow
Dim the calm sweetness of thy bright to-morrow !



MINOR POEMS.



MINOR POEMS.

Rolandseck.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

I.



O! Trumpeters set forward
And blazon through the land
The Royal Proclamation,

Signed with the King's own hand ;
Bid all the mighty warriors
Flock forth to Charlemagne,
And raise the Royal standard
For the march against fair Spain.

II.

Go by the north, where Denmark
 Its icy shores displays,
And where in lofty glory
 Stands the castle of Malaise ;
Go by the northern Baltic,
 By the fields of stainless snow,
Where the everlasting plains of ice
 In whirling mazes glow !
Go to the eastern Françia,
 The East of the sunlit land,
To the knights of Malerna towers,
 The chiefs of the knightly band.

III.

And go to the East, where the Euxine
 Rolls his sluggish tide from the shore,
And the beach is strewn with the fragments
 Of wrecks, that will sail no more !

And herald down fair Gallia,
From the bitter Northern seas
To the base of the giant mountains,
The snow-capped Pyrenees ;
Where in the golden sunlight,
Lies the boundary of Spain ;
Where bud the brightest vineyards,
The vintage of Champagne.

IV.

And through the sands of Europe,
Cross Holland's murky plain,
Across the Alps' high summits,
Through Germany, to Maine ;
Through the sunny plains of Tuscany,
Down to the rushing Po,
Beneath the sun of Italy,
The sun of fiercest glow,
To where the bay of Naples
Gleams in the morning light,

Where the fire-breathing mountain
Rolls its thunders through the night ;
Up to the icy Baltic,
Up to the freezing north !
To bear the kingly message
Went the Royal heralds forth.

V.

Where o'er the swan-like bosom
Of the ever-running Rhine,
The bright green hills of Drachenfels,
With golden vineyards shine ;
On the towers of a castle
The fleeting sunbeams gleam,
A massy granite castle,
Which overlooks the stream.
And as the day departing,
Its dying radiance shed,
It tinged the hoary turrets
With a glow of fiery red ;

And on the violet hills above,
Amid the blooming thyme,
Sat Hildegunde and Roland,
And listened to the chime
Of Nonnenwerth's sweet abbey bells,
That swelled out loud amain,
And then, as if exhausted,
Ceased their music once again.

VI.

That castle on the Drachenfels
Was Hildegunde's abode ;
And many a mailed warrior
Its ringing courtyard trode :
And her father ruled the valley
That stretches green below,
The Lord of the ' Sieben Gebirge,'
The knight of the unbent bow.
And never castle held a form
In beauty could compare

With the smiling Hildegunda,
She was so wondrous fair !

VII.

And Roland was her lover,
The chief Paladin of France,
The hero of the golden shield,
The hero of the lance ;
First in the ranks of chivalry,
First in the brunt of war,
Unconquered, save by woman's eyes
On fair Nonnenwerth shore.

VIII.

The Royal proclamation
Had been heard that very day,
And that same night, on his brave steed,
Rode Roland far away.
But ere he went he craved a boon,
Upon his bended knee,—

—“ My Hildegunde, my Hildegunde,

Now listen, Sweet, to me.

Before I hence depart to fight,

And war's hard toils to share,

Give me a dear love-token, mine,

A tress of nut-brown hair.”

And tremblingly she gave it him,

And breathed a last “ Adieu,”

And in the purple evening

Soon his form was lost to view :

And long she gazèd after him,

And watched his fading track,

And heaving many a deep-drawn sigh

She sadly wished him back.

IX.

But a long year passed slow away,

And Roland never came ;

And she'd wander on the Drachenfels,

And breathe to them his name.

Till one dark night a pilgrim
Knocked at the castle gate,
And craved a kind admission,
For most wretched was his state.

X.

They brought the palmer to the hall ;
“ Say, stranger, whence you come,
And how, in such a sorry plight,
You be so far from home ?

XI.

“ I’ve come, fair maid, from Roncesvalles,
And the sunny fields of Spain,
To my native hills of Germany,
And my home upon the Maine.”
“ From Spain !” cried Hildegunda,
And her eyes grew bright again,
“ Hast seen Roland the Paladin,
In the far off land of Spain ?”

XII.

“ Alas ! alas ! Poor Roland ? Yes,
He stood hard by my side,
And on a pile of corpses
The gallant warrior died :
'Twas his good right arm only
That kept the foe at bay
From sunrise in the morning
Till the fading of the day.”—
But down fell Hildegunda,
Bent down the golden head,
She lay all stiff and motionless,
She lay as lie the dead :
And down the pilgrim's rugged cheek
There stole a silent tear,
And he softly murmured to himself,
“ Poor girl, she loved the Peer.”

XIII.

Hast thou ever seen the lily
 Beaten down with heavy rain,
So it was with Hildegunda,
 For she never smiled again.
But when her life flowed back to her,
 She would that instant go
To take the veil at Nonnenwerth,
 That lies so far below.
Nor could her household stay her,
 Nor her father's pleading voice ;
A life secluded, and apart,
 Would henceforth be her choice.
“ Father, farewell,” she murmured,
 “ Your parting love I crave ;
You'll never more see Hildegunde,
 I only wish the grave.”
Then she went her from the castle
 Beyond the studded gate,

Tears were standing in her eyes, and slow
And saddened was her gait :
Then down the rock she wandered,
To Nonnenwerth's fair shore,
Where the mighty Rhine was dashing,
With a low continuous roar.
She thought of him who loved her once,
Who now was lying dead
On Roncesvalles fatal field ;
Would she had died instead !
But ere another day rolled on
Its swiftly winged hours,
Fair Hildegunda was a nun
In Nonnenwerth's grey towers.

XIV.

And when brown Autumn came apace,
And all the hills were bright,
And the grain grew golden as the fire
That lights dark Ætna's height ;

And the year was slowly waning,
And the summer had declined,
And the yellow leaves upon the trees
Fell with the faintest wind ;
One glorious autumn evening,
There rode a mailed knight,
Weary, and tired, along the path
Which leads up to the height :
And he was the very Roland,
Who the Pilgrim old had said
Fell slain on Roncesvalles field
Among the heaps of dead :
And he blew his horn without the gates,
And he thundered the oak beside ;
And it was Roland of the shield,
Come back to claim his bride !

XV.

But when he heard the fatal news,
That she was his no more,
Lost in the Church's close embrace ;
He felt that *all* was o'er !

Then a vow the warrior registered,
That never would he roam
Far from Nonnenwerth's fair nunnery,
His Hildegunda's home ;
That every eve at sunset,
When her window oped for air,
He might catch a glimpse of her dear form,
The face to him so fair.
And on Rolands-Eck, that frowns so high
Above the whirling foam,
He built a noble castle,
That might henceforth be his home.

XVI.

Through long, long years he kept his watch
Unceasing day by day,
Gazed for her window's opening,
As each sunset died away ;
And he'd look in her direction,
Till he saw the well loved face ;

And he'd sigh, and pray to Heaven
For a speedy resting place,
When his sorrows would be numbered,
And his sins would be confest,
And his tired heart have respite,
And his weary soul have rest :
And he'd think of Hildegunda,
Till her form would seem to rise ;
Till a choking swelled up in his throat,
And the tears stood in his eyes.
So in the lapse of years his life
Began to ebb its sands,
And nerveless was the arm once strong,
And weakened were the hands.

XVII.

A nun on Nonnenwerth's fair isle,
A much loved sister, died,
'Twas Hildegunde, the golden-haired,
Nonnenwerth's fairest pride.

And as the notes of the burial chant
Came floating on the air,
Roland was carried out, upon
A pile of velvet fair :
And he heard the name of Hildegunde
Come floating on the breeze ;
And he gazed once more on Drachenfels,
Upon its fields and trees.
A smile of heavenly beauty
Lit the dying warrior's face,
And his soul grew gladdened, as it drew
So nigh its resting-place.
He murmured, " Hildegunda,
In death I come to thee !
We'll never, *never* part again,
Through all eternity.
I see thee now, my darling,
Beek'ning to me cross the tide"—
And with her name upon his lips,
The glorious hero died.

Epitaph on "Stonewall" Jackson.



AND thou art here, who but a short time
since
Swayed thousands by a motion of thy
hand ;

Nipt in the bud thy glorious promise dies,
As Time turns round his ever-running sand.

Guiltless of ever an unmanly thought,
Love for thy country was thy only crime,
One of thy many graces, till thy name
Was wiped for ever from the page of Time !

Slain by the men, who would have gladly died
To save thee from a moment's anxious thought,
Willing to die, if by that sacrifice
Thee back to earth they could again have brought.

For ah ! thy country needs thy utmost aid,
Too soon swept off to be of lasting good :
Freedom departed, what is life but death,
When in the veins runs proud, yet servile,
blood !

Why should remorseless death have borne thee off ?
Thy stay on earth was like a fleeting dream ;
Mortals will ever trample on the great,
And brightest gold but worthless tinsel deem.

The noblest record thou hast left behind,
The brightest jewel in thy crown of fame,
Is the warm love of many a humble heart
That thrilled so gladly at thy welcome name !

Hushed in the sleep of death thou liest now,
And nerveless is that once so powerful hand,
Yet thy short life has gained a noble fame,
Won thee a place among the Heroes' band.

Sleep calmly on, till Time itself is gone,
In thy all honoured and last resting place ;
Sleep till the trumpet rouse thee from the dead,
Thou noblest pattern of a noble race !

Life.



IFE is a summer's day. Sweet infancy
heralds the dawning,
And all its varying changes are nought
but the phases of nature

Under an opposite form. She guides man's steps
through his sojourn

Here upon earth, till he dies, and life departs as
the daylight

Fades into twilight and night. The noon is the
season of manhood,

Full of fresh vigour and strength like a giant
roused from his slumber.

Then comes the prime of life, and the sun goes
down in his glory

As the once powerful man declines in his strength
and his vigour.

Then comes the grave-like night, and hid in its
deepest recesses

Men are as far from light as night is opposed to the
morning.

Then dawns another day, but not like the last ever-
fading,

Never to cease its light while eternity rolls on its
ages.

Trust.



FAREWELL, Farewell, ye transient hopes
that fled
So quickly when the days of youth had
sped !

Farewell to life, my heart is with the dead,
Yet still I trust.

All I most loved is past, for ever past !
Over my coming years a cloud is cast ;
Oh ! but the brightest sunshine fleeth fast !
Yet still I trust.

Hope, wilt thou come to cheer my spirit yet ?

Hope, wilt thou teach that spirit to forget

All that of sorrow it hath ever met ?

For still I trust.

Father, wilt lend to me a kindly ear,

Father, wilt ease my spirit from its fear ;

Send but thy grace to make its dwelling here ;

On Thee I trust.

The Spirit Song.



THROUGH the glittering mass of the
sunbeams I fly,
And dash pearls from the briny spray,
'Mid the regions of clouds my pinions I ply
O'er the track of the azure way.

The low Zephyrs sigh through my robes of light,
Softly wafting me over the sea,
And I sleep on the winds through the silver
night,
Hushed off by their sweet lullaby

I flit like a bird o'er the regions of earth,
And my soft whispered counsels oft shed
A comforting hope, or a burst of mirth,
To cherish the drooping head.

I ride on the crests of the white-topped waves
As they burst in foam on the shore,
And I dive to the depths of the Ocean caves
Midst the din of the tempest's roar.

When clouds hang low o'er a mourner's soul
And the future seems barren and dead,
And the billows of sorrow begin to roll
Their tide o'er the weary head—

Then I steal like a thought to the troubled
breast,
And whisper the comfort of Heaven,
And send on the poor broken spirit the rest,
Which but to the wearied is given.

Then away, away to the regions of day,
Let me wing my freedom on high,
And happily frolic my years away
In the vault of the summer sky!

The Christian Martyr.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PAINTING OF DELAROCHE.)



SOFT fell the light o'er the wave, and
shower'd its brightness upon her
Slowly floating along, with her hands tied
tightly behind her ;

Sweet was the calm, calm smile which shone on her
deathly pale features,

Sweet was the aspect of peace which illumined the
face of the maiden.

Inez, the innocent girl, why had they so ruthlessly
murdered

One who was lov'd by all ! Why had not the arm
of the Mighty

Been stretched to shield her from those who destroyed so lovely a flower.—

Trouble was over for her, though never the blossom had ripened,

Nipt off, alas, in the bud, while its just opening fragrance

Basked in the love of the pure. Yet a life was past and was over !

One bright name was erased from Time's ever-varying pages,

One sweet soul had reached its rest from every trouble,

One young victim had found an early grave to close o'er her,

One loving spirit now stood in joy, amid the ranks of the blessed,

Leaving the dark dark world, and all its changes behind her,

All the cold troubles of earth, to breathe in the sunshine of Heaven,

Quitting the weary path while others were toiling
and striving.

Hard had been life's short labour! but she was at
rest, and for ever ;

Other bosoms might bleed, other hearts might bow
down in their anguish,

Her cares were over now, when her childhood was
scarcely completed.

All the future was happy, all dreams of sorrow were
over,

All the vexing thoughts which harass the minds of
the mortal,

And her spirit had flown to seek, in the kingdom of
Heaven,

Peace, that was wanting on earth,—had burst the
body's frail bondage,

Leaving a relic behind of her who had once lived
and sorrowed,

Leaving a name behind, the name of a Christian
Martyr.

Pale fell the light on her face, and lit it up
with a glory
Sprung from the fountain of grace. Yes, Inez, thy
trouble was over,
Never more wouldst thou know the curse of labour
and sorrow,
Happiness, longed for on earth, is thine in the
kingdom of Heaven !

To-Morrow.



UT not off from to-day
Lest it bring you sorrow,
Work to-day with zeal
To earn a bright to-morrow.

Let not pleasure's paths
Tempt you from your duty,
Pass the flowers by,
Though they glow with beauty.

Throw the feelings down,
That seek to perish idle,
Lest you find too late
Your love is but an idol.

Lest you feel your heart,
After days of pleasure,
Has lost its peace and joy,
Its rarest, rarest treasure

Never to return
Fly the days of youth,
Never to return
Fly early love and truth

And our life is aye
But a vale of tears,
Clouds shut out the sun,
And rarely joy appear

And the veil updrawn,
Shews a scene of sorrow,
Only hope is there
To cheer the dark to-morrow !

To Kate.



H! would that our hearts were together,
Linked close by the spirit of love,
That our happiness never might wither,
Nor its sunshine the winter remove.

Oh! would that our spirits were living
Far away from the presence of care,
Far away from all trouble and striving,
And the sorrows that mortals must bear!

Time will never more see me light-hearted,
As I think of the days that are past,

Before the glad visions departed,
Or the shadow was over us cast.

The spirit that once has been blighted,
Can blossom and flourish no more,
As when in the desert benighted
The wayfarer's journey is o'er.

Bereft.



H! the cruel, cruel hardness, that rules
the woman's breast,

Oh! the wretched, wretched sorrow,
that knows no pitying rest,

Oh! the cold, cold accents uttered by lips till now
so dear,

No kindly voice to comfort, and no eye to drop a
tear!

Death is better far than life when all the path is
in the shade,

When all the treasured hopes, have been, alas! too
long delayed.

For the grave is as oblivion, when the future bides
alone,

And all the records of the past lie neath the burial
stone ;

In the land of heavenly sunshine will the spirit
freely roam

No longer on a foreign shore, but on its happy
home.

Yet what are these but fancies ? Must we hate our
life below

Because our lot is void of joy, and seems to yield
but woe ?

No, no, cast off the idle thought, mount up the
hill of life,

Throw behind all dull despondency, and bravely
bear the strife !

It is madness thus to linger ; never let us dream,
but *do*,

And follow in our eagerness, the aim we have in
view !

Borne upon the wings of fancy let us upward ever
climb,

To win the mighty masterpiece, the wonderwork
of Time !

Spurning neath our feet the grovelling earth, on,
on, let all be done,

Let none give o'er his labour till his course be
fully run !

Let the world produce its pleasures, they will ever
hide a thorn,

And bear in sorrow sorrows and mourning cause
to mourn.

The fleeting, fleeting pleasures for a lifetime only
last,

One hour perhaps will ruin them, and then, our
life is past.

Without one noble action springing from a noble
mind,

Without a single monument of worth to leave
behind !

And the darkness shrouds the memory, and hides
it from the light,

And dark oblivion rises up, and wraps it in the
night !

No,—let the dayspring of thy life be rendered
clear as noon,

Thou shalt not wish the final rest, 'twill only come
too soon ;

But when it comes to bid thee hence, hence to a
purer clime,

Thou wilt leave behind a name of pride upon the
page of Time ;

Nor can the lapse of years decay, though centuries
should roll

Their endless wearing on thy fame, can that obscure
the whole !

Leave behind all puny wishes, and fix the mind
above ?

And let the human heart be one grand monument
of love !

Track thro' the far-stretched journey the vision
 of the end,
Let longing, pride, affection, all their noblest
 feelings lend ;
So shall the path of life grow sweet, nor will the
 heart grow faint,
Nor wish an instant's respite, or breathe one sad
 complaint.
This is what life was meant to be, free from all
 doubt and fear
To harass the poor strugglers in the mighty desert
 here ;
A lesson have we all to learn, hard is the thought
 to give,
Though dark may seem to be our lot, yet 'tis a
 boon to live !

Trasimene.



HERE the old Carthaginian fought his
fight of old

Is now a radiant sheet of liquid gold,

And in the west a faint expiring ray

Sheds the last glory of the dying day.

Here, Trasimene, by thy rippling tide,

In bygone ages many a soldier died,—

Breathed the last sigh from out his valiant breast,

And calmly sank into his last long rest.

Rather than see the field he could not save

Died sword in hand, and filled a soldier's grave!

Ah! cruel God of War! if every stone

Could speak, 'twould tell of many a dying groan,

Of eyes, once bright, closed in the sleep of death,
 Of blessings muttered with life's latest breath,
 Of thoughts reverting to a long past day,
 Thoughts of kind friends though they be far
 away!

Ah! for the agonising hopes and fears,
 The widow's sorrow and the orphan's tears,
 When fugitives from the desperate conflict come
 Telling a tale to darken many a home!

The sun has sank, and now to light the skies
 Among the planets see the moon arise!
 The rosy hue has faded, and instead
 Luna's soft beams a silver radiance shed.
 'Tis vain for mortals e'er indeed to say
 Whether the night be beauteous as the day,
 One the more splendid, glorious and bright,
 The other calmer with its soft, faint light!

The Dream.



WATCHED it on its murmuring way,
A single sunbeam on it lay
Lighting it up with glorious ray,
Amid the forest maze.

I heard its faint and silvery sound
Plash merrily o'er the mossy ground
By grassy hillock and mossy mound,
Secret from mortal gaze.

I stood beside that fountain head,
And watched it as its course it sped
Among the waving trees ;
And while I gazed I seemed to hear
Sweet fairy voices soft and clear
Come wafted on the breeze.

In many a shape the branches spread
A leafy covering o'er my head
 To shade me from the day,
And leaves soft whispered as they shook,
And musically sang the brook
 Upon its devious way.

Like veins upon the velvet grass
The gnarlèd oak-roots interpass,
 Peering above the ground ;
The ancient trunks in vast array,
Stretching to darkness far away,
 Like guardians stand around.

Reclining in that forest dell
Almost unconsciously I fell
 Into a slumber mild ;
I cannot tell how short it seemed
To me, as when asleep I dreamed
 I was again a child.

Methought I passed the days of yore,
And lived again as once before

 A happy, happy time ;
But no, ah no ! it cannot be,
My day is past, no more for me
 Youth spreads its golden prime !

I dreamt I saw our cottage door,
The little lattice as before
 Where grew my briar rose ;
I saw the ivy-covered spire,
The hall where lived our good old squire,
 The village school and close.

And hazy visions of the past,
Too bright, too comforting to last,
 Pass, dimly seen, before !
Reality destroys their face,
Truth does not countenance their place,
 And so they fade once more.

Memorials of a day gone by
When life's broad path seemed straight to lie,
 Shades of what once has been,
Stay ! while my heart can satiate
With fulness of the bygone state,
Ere yet its hardening self can mate
 With things I since have seen.

For oh ! those times were happier far,
Ere sin could blight or sorrow mar,
 Than all my life-time since ;
For brightly shines the sun of truth,
And casts a halo round the youth
 Of Peasant and of Prince !

I saw them stretching far away,
The dizzy phantoms of a day
 Past and for ever gone !
Never, never to return
While Time his running sand can turn,
 The future shines alone !

I saw, too, many faces dear
Of those who are no longer here
 But on a better shore,
Dear little Kate and darling May,
And many others seem to say,
 “ Mourn not, we'll meet once more !”

Ah ! Memory is the book of God,
Retrospect is a chastening rod,
 A vast omniscient plan,
To make us see what once we were,
And with our present state compare
 The childhood of the man !

I saw the wood, I saw the lane,
Where first unused to care and pain
 We wandered in the spring,
To pluck the newly opening flowers ;
How rapidly fled by the hours,
 In mirth and rollicking !

Yet why recall the empty cot,
As, one by one, they left the spot
 In distant towns to slave !
The village church-yard has a stone
Placed 'neath a willow all alone,
 It marks my mother's grave.

Oh Mother, Mother, when I think
Of thee my manhood seems to shrink,
 The test I cannot bear ;
Oh close the book, show me no more
Of the events and deeds of yore,
I know enough of memory's store,
 Further I will not dare !

* * * * *

I thought I heard the village chime,
Sound as it did in bygone time,
 Ring from the belfry old,
The hour of evening prayer to tell,
In sacred accents swung the bell,
 And then I heard it tolled !

Back, futile visions of the Past !
Back to oblivious shade !
Racked with a bitter pain I woke,
And saw the forest glade.
The murmuring streamlet still rushed on,
And o'er the pebbles played ;
And sighing, as I rose to leave,
Thus to myself I said :—
“ Years have passed o'er my head since then,
The lads have now grown up to men,
And left those scenes of joy ;
But never, never shall I see
Such happy, happy days to me,
As when I was a boy !”

EvA.

PART I.



THE day's fast fading, Uncle Tom, and
you must come with me
To where the lake's broad waters seem
as boundless as the sea,
For the sun is fast declining, and the daylight will
decay,
And we shall have the glow-worm's lamp to light
us on our way.

Oh! let us wander in among the mazes of the
wood,

And see the sun far distant make the waters glow
like blood,
And stand among the giant oaks, and hear the
blackbirds sing,
And mark the throttles warbling forth in endless
revelling :

And sit upon the banks of moss, which nurse the
cuckoo flowers,
And pull the honeysuckle boughs that make such
pretty bowers ;
And then I'll make a rose-wreath, and twine the
flowers for you,
And weave a garland for your head of buds and
harebells blue.

Do you think, Uncle Tom, on earth there is a
prettier place
Than where our little rivulet joins Adam Green's
mill race ?

Where alder bushes shade the stream, and pink-
tipped daisies grow,
And like a purple carpeting the scented violets
blow !

There, when the sun has ceased his light and
evening closes round,
You'll take me on your knee and sit upon the
velvet ground,
And tell me that sweet story of the little gentle
child,
Who never answered evil words when wicked men
reviled.

Who slept in a lowly stable the night that He was
born,
While angels sang the livelong night up to the
Christmas dawn,
And then that bright bright star shone forth and
shewed the Eastern Kings

The humble place where they should take their
golden offerings.

That tale's so pretty, Uncle Tom, that you've so
often told,
And so is that about the Sheep, the Shepherd and
His fold ;
Does that big book you're always reading tell the
tales to you,
And when I'm older may I read the pretty stories
too ?

Did Jesus love the wicked men who killed Him
long ago ?
And can He see me, Uncle Tom, now I am here
below ?
Can He always hear me pray to Him, since He
lives up so high ?
Does the music of our morning hymn pierce
through the deep blue sky ?

And do you love Him, Uncle Tom, because for
you He died ?

And has He ever come down here since He was
crucified ?

I wish that I could see Him, but He don't come
down to me ;

Yet shall we both go up to Heaven and all the
glory see ?

But come with me, dear Uncle Tom, for fast the
sun is falling,

And from the waving branches you can hear the
blackbirds calling.

We first must see the sunset flash in crimson on the
lake,

Then stay to watch the shining stars climb in the
daylight's wake.

PART II.



YOU are crying, Uncle Tom, though you
think I cannot see,
The tears course down between, your
hands, you're crying, Tom, for me!
You needn't be so sorrowful because I'm going
away;
Remember what you've told to me about the dawn-
ing day:

I don't mean earthly mornings, though glad the
sunbeams fall,
There is another brightness which far outshines
them all;

You've often told me, Uncle Tom, how sweet
'twould be to go
Up to His home, and leave this world of sin and
care below.

My life's been very pleasant, Tom, I'm very young
to die,
But yet, I think, I'll gladly go where Jesus waits
on high;
And death will make me go to Him and ease me
of my pain,
And there we'll meet together, Tom, and never
part again.

I think I'm dying now, Tom, my spirit seems to
bound
Within my breast, as if the soul its rest had nearly
found.
You must lay me in the ground, Tom, where
the weeping willows wave,
And plant with early violets your little Eva's grave.

I am going to my resting-place, beneath the grass
to lie,
While the branches murmur o'er my head their
plaintive melody ;
And please to plant my lily on the spot above my
head,
For no one loves my flower but you,—so tend it
when I'm dead.

You must often come and see me there, where
we've so often been
When the chestnut trees were leafy, and the
willow boughs were green ;
I've had such happy, happy days since first you
came to Clare,
The thought of seeing you no more is what I can-
not bear !

Please reach my little Bible, for it's lying close
beside,

Just turn and you can reach it, so you needn't quit
my side ;

I hope I am not tiring you, but I feel very weak,
It won't be long before my tongue has ceased on
earth to speak.

I wish you'd find the place for me, you know the
place I want,

For my hands are growing feeble, and I feel as
though I can't,

How Jesus took the children and words of pity
said,

And laid His kindly hands upon each little infant's
head.

And does He care for children now as much as in
those days,

And pay as much attention when their prayers to
Him they raise ?

I hope He loves me, Uncle Tom, because I love
Him so,
Although I've never seen His face at present here
below !

You mustn't mourn for me, Tom, nor wish me back
again,
I only go a journey out of trouble and of pain ;
And though you'll miss me sadly, Uncle Tom,
at first I fear,
You must dry your eyes for love of me—promise
me, Uncle dear ?

And when my longing soul has burst the body's
mortal shell
Cut off a lock of Eva's hair, for Eva loved you well,
And give a piece to all the slaves, to Rekab and her
son,
For that will sometimes mind them of me when
I'm dead and gone.

It's getting dark, dear Uncle, and the world goes
off to rest,

Just place your hand behind my head, and lean it
on your breast,

It's getting rather cold now, and my chest begins
to chill,

You will remember all I've said, say Uncle that
you will.

Where are you? I can't see you, but I hear your
bated breath,

And I feel a solemn stupor creep—Oh Uncle, is
this death?

And though the world is dark I see a brightly
shining light,

I'm sure it must be Heaven, for it turns to day the
night!

Oh! I see the heavens opening, and I see my
Saviour dear,

He seems to beckon to me, and say, “Eva, do not
fear!”

Good bye, dear Tom, for ever, for I’m going, going
home,

To live with Christ for evermore. Redeemer! God!
I come!

Horace.

LIB. I. ODE 38.

PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS, ETC.



ENCE with the sickly pleasures of the
East,

Seek not with Persian meats to deck the
feast,

Nor longer linger, wasting youth's bright hours,
In vain desire to pluck the late rose flowers.

The verdant myrtle is without compare
Fittest of garlands for the slave to wear,
Nor will disgrace his master, neath his vines
Reclining as he quaffs his choicest wines.

Spring.



ORTH bursts the light, back flies the
winter's pall,
Fresh from the gloom the sunshine
breaks its thrall ;

In varied hues bud forth the opening flowers,
In sportive gentleness flit by the hours :
Earth dons her verdure, and expels the snows,
While o'er the land a gentle zephyr blows :
Dew decks the grass, upsprings each tiny blade,
Lest it return from sunshine back to shade !

But stay! What nymph approaches with her
train?

'Tis Spring, she comes to claim her just domain!
Down bend the shooting grass-blades at her feet,
Grow drunk with joy, with happiness complete;
'Mid the thick air hums loud the toiling bee,
Flies shake their wings, and break their lethargy.

Through the new budding groves of waving trees
She comes, her garments rustling in the breeze;
Smiling her face, her head is crowned with flowers,
Violets and snowdrops, while around she showers
Warmth, genial light, and gladness. On her
breast

A gentle turtle-dove has made its nest,
And cooing gently seeks to vent his love
In soft drawn cadence to the fair above.
Her mantle hem drawn on the dewy ground,
Gives forth a pleasant light and tinkling sound;
A sound of happiness to come, and peace,
Of future sunshine for the spring-time's lease.

First in the train, far stretching from the sight,
Comes Cheerfulness, in shining garments dight ;
Next, followed by a host of twinkling feet,
Bound Joy and Pleasure, the new year to greet ;
Mixed is their train, glad are their smiling looks,
Unknown to grey-beards, and unread in books.
Near them are found rough Exercise and Sport,
Nor would sweet Health be long unfound, if
sought.

Next comes the Goddess to the earth most dear,
Fairest Divinity, whom all revere
Both in thine own and in a lower sphere—
Bright Flora! flowers does she fling around,
That falling root and brighten all the ground.
Hail! fairest Spring! Hail! to the coming time,
Of Health and Happiness in all their prime,
Hail! to the sunshine and the budding trees,
That 'gin to echo the sweet breathing breeze!
Spring of the year, we give to thee alone
A homage paralleled by that to none!

Thou bring'st the earth out of its gloomy cell,
And scatterest blessings on each hill and dell.
Hail! bounteous Goddess, thine must be the sway,
Thrice potent offspring of the light of day!

“Thoughts.”



THE seasons are fading fast
Year after year,
And the bright days of happiness
Soon disappear.

The spirit grows colder
As waxes the day,
And the voice that has solaced us
Fadeth away.

The shades of the twilight
Are gathering in,
And the heart is o'er burdened
With trouble and sin !

All, all that is mortal
But briefly can last,
We gaze on the ruins
Of that which is past !

And memory leaves but
A faint trace behind,
And the tie that now binds us
Soon ceases to bind !

But hope is eternal,
And lives in the breast
To comfort the spirit
And render it rest.

A far greater happiness
Waits on a shore,
Where hope is not wanted
For trouble is o'er !

And Hope is the spirit
That bids us look on,

Nor relinquish our toil
Till the journey is done.

For still thro' the darkness
There glimmers a light,
That cheereth the fainting
More bravely to fight.

On, on to the morning
Our footsteps must tend,
The labour seems easy
When blossoms the end.

For oh 'twould be sweet
To remember the past,
How ever we struggled
While trouble could last!

Till at length for our sorrow
The healing was given,
And our souls were at rest
In the kingdom of Heaven!

Love.



LOVE'S like the early youth of spring,
Ere yet its joy be shorn,
Like summer's faintly whispering breeze
That ushers in the dawn!

Yet vast its power, its magic chain
Binds e'en the courts above,
Ah! what were this poor little world
If 'twere bereft of love?

Its gentle influence o'er our hearts
Steals like the evening breeze,
That softly sighs itself away
Among the sleeping trees.

But strong the chains though light they seem.

No power the heart can move,
Or drive from out the human breast
The golden sun of love !

The Death of a Saint.



DEATH came, but not in terrors was he
robed,

Scarcely a change passed o'er the smil-
ing face

We gazed upon. There was a gentle shock,
And one long look on those who stood around,
And then, a smile of joy unutterable
Flitted across her face ; we heard her say,
“ Jesus, dear Saviour ! ”—then her eyelids drooped.
But yet she wore the aspect of a saint,
Filled with a wondrous grace, as though she saw
The million hierarchs of Heaven, and caught

The loud “ Hosannas ” to the Saint of God,
And heard the ever ringing silver tones
Throb from the golden harps of those who praise
The mighty God for ever, in their robes
Of spotless white ! Awhile entranced we gazed
Upon the form, whose soul had fled for aye,
The empty shell of what was once so pure,
So gentle, holy ; but the look of grace,
Settling upon her face seemed still to say :—
“ Friends, mourn not for me ; I am now at rest :
You would not wish my spirit back again :
Farewell ! dear friends, farewell ! we yet may
meet

Where I am gone before, Farewell, Farewell ! ”
The tears stood in mine eyes, deep heart-sprung
tears,

But then I seemed to hear her sweet toned voice
Ringing in unison with those above,
And heavenly music faintly heard afar,
Was present to my fancy ; and I felt

As though I could not wish her back again
To suffer earth's dull sorrows, and I blessed
The hour that called her pure young soul away
For ever to its rest !

‘Fair passed that Face.’



AIR passed that face before, and well I
remembered the features,
Features impressed on my heart with
the mem'ry of happier hours,
Features of all most dear. Oh ! Editha, star of my
waking !
Star that sheds its light on all that passes before
me,
Beckoning me on through the mazes of life and its
troublesome pathways,
Bidding my heart uprise and ever hope on for the
future,

Ever hope on to the end, ever look where the bright
 shining sunbeams
Burst thro' the thickly spread clouds and raise the
 soul from its sorrow,
Teaching the secret of life, and rousing the slum-
 bering spirit,
Urging it on to the goal. As the light shines out in
 the darkness,
Placed in the cottage window to beckon the tra-
 veller homewards,
Home to the warmth of heart that dwells by the
 bright glowing hearth-stone,
Home from the cold without, from the cold cutting
 blast of the north wind
Ever lie hid in our hearts the seeds of an ardent
 affection,
Which, though too oft, alas! left to perish unnoticed.
 uncared for,
Are and aye will exist while Time rolls onwards
 his ages.

Few are the hearts but have a germ of love to
enlighten

With a relieving hand the gloomy varying
fancies

Which haunt the human mind till they fill with a
deep-seated anguish

All that is good in the man, nor utterly warped
by the contact

With the sullyng dross of the world, its troubles
and sorrow.

Yes! now I see thy face still beckoning, beckon-
ing onwards,

Vain 'tis to hold my steps, they will evermore,
evermore follow

Thee as their guide to death. When, when will
the darkness of darkness

Burst with the dawn of light, and joy spring forth
from the shadows,

Shadows of that which is real to *others*, to *me* 'tis
as fleeting

As the wind, which soft sighs its requiem into the
distance.

When will my weary eyes open glad on a glorious
sunshine,

Happier e'en than that when life's dawning path
seemed the brightest,

Peace blotting out the past, and joy eclipsing the
sorrow.

The Death of Priam.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL, *ÆN.* 2. 505.



PERCHANCE you ask, "And what was
Priam's fate?"

When first he saw the city's ruined
state,

Beheld the desolated hearths and homes,
The blazing minarets and falling domes,
He arms himself with speed. Vain, foolish boast !
Thinking to combat the victorious host.
He girds the sword, fits on the shirt of mail,
While nodding horsehair plumes his grey locks
veil.

Within Troy's walls there was a sacred fane,
Which Priam's high-born spouse had sought to
gain ;

'Twas shaded by a laurel shrub, but now
Unheeded stood Apollo's sacred bough.

Here Priam stayed his steps ; his wife beholds,
And from the scene of strife her husband holds.

" What madness, Priam, hath possessed thy brain ?
The throne thou'st lost, thou never canst regain !

Why hast thou put on armour ? Dost thou think
From an old man the Greeks will blindly shrink ?

Ah ! if my Hector were but now alive,
The hopes of Troy would speedily revive !

Seek not the fight, thou canst not Ilium save,
Then stay and live, or seek with me one grave !"

So spake the lady, and in sickening fear

They grasp the altar, soon to be a bier !

But see ! Polites 'scaped from out the fight
Pyrrhus pursues, resolved to take his life ;
Bleeding he stumbles through the vacant halls,

Till in his anxious parents' sight he falls.
Then Priam forgot his danger and his age,
And spake to Pyrrhus, boiling o'er with rage :
“ For this foul deed, for this most daring crime,
The Gods above will in the proper time
Vengeance return fourfold, and give to thee
Rewards most worthy of thy cruelty.
Shame ! by thy hands Polites bleeding lies,
Butchered before his father's loving eyes.
Coward ! Achilles, thy pretended sire,
When his heart glowed with Ares' scorching fire,
Gave back my Hector's body when implored,
And safely me to Ilium restored.
But *thou !*” Thus spake he and a javelin cast,
’Twas feebly thrown ; that throw was Priam's last !
The sounding shield repulsed the coming shaft,
With bitter scorn the haughty Pyrrhus laughed :
“ *Thyself*, old man, a messenger shalt go,
And these sad deeds Achilles tell below ;
Now die !” Thus speaking, to his lasting shame

He drew his sword, and forward quickly came ;
Dragged Priam, slipping in Polites' blood,
To where his trembling wife and daughters stood.
One stroke was all, the deed required no more,
And Priam's reign and earthly course were o'er !

To Pompey.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE. ODES, BOOK II. ODE 7.



ET in the ranks of war we've stood,
Where deepest flowed the tide of
blood ;

When Brutus granted with a gracious hand
That thou in Rome a citizen should'st stand.

Oft, Pompey, when our toil was done,
And low in Heaven sank the sun,
We've quaffed full goblets of Falernian wine,
Crowned with fair garlands of the golden vine.

See here this battered helm and shield,
Mementoes of that bloody field,
When from Philippi in a panic dread,
The traitorous legions wavered, turned, and
fled.

Me, in a cloud as dark as night,
Hermes bore scatheless through the fight ;
While *thou*, alas ! wert hidden in the wave
Of battling warriors striving for the grave.

Give to great Jove what seems him best
A thankful offering, then we'll rest
Beneath my laurels and my glowing vines
And drink right deeply as the day declines.

Fill with the ruby Massic wine,
Watch the bright wavelets dance and shine,
And pour the scents upon your flowing hair,
Let body, mind, alike the pleasures share !

Likest thou the myrtle? Deeply quaff

The ruddy torrent, loudly laugh.

Who rules the feast? Let the fair Venus say

Who is to will the pleasures of the day!

“Oh had we some spot.”



Oh had we some spot on the earth's broad
face,

Some purer and happier clime.

Where the soul could be free from the heart's
disgrace,

And but joy, and not sorrow, would leave a trace
To fill up the record of time !

Where nought but affection could ever be found,
Dwelling deep in the breasts of all

And no cold, cruel anguish the heart-strings
could wound,

Nor life's noblest feelings dash down to the
ground,

To bid the hopes perish and fall.

There, there would we dwell, and in happiness
think

Of the grief that had chilled us before,
Of our deep-seated anguish, when over the brink
Of danger's dark abyss, our hopes seemed to sink,
And the pleasure of youth was o'er.

For alas! there now seems but a desert drear,

Stretching far away from the sight ;


And the pathway of life no longer is clear ;

'Tis distraught with pale terrors, and darkened by
fear,

And the distance is shrouded in night.

And the bright star of fancy at length has waned,
Shut out from the longing gaze,
And the billows of sorrow have greater strength
gained
And the spirit for aye from its wishes refrained,
For a broken heart nothing can raise !

A Day Dream.

EFORE me stretched far into space
Dim phantoms of the mind ;
The future was dark before me,
And the past was dark behind.

And I seemed to see it rising,
The future's faint drawn scene ;
And I mused on the time that was coming,
Though a dark cloud hung between.

I stood at the open window,
And gazed on the busy street,

Heard the hum of voices rising,
And the tread of hurrying feet.

And I drew in my mind the futures
Of the crowds that passed below ;
And I singled some out for happiness,
And I traced for the others woe.

They passed so quick by the window,
The attention was hardly cast,
Ere the busy throngs intermingled,
And the one whom I looked on had passed.

And I said to myself, " Thus always
Will time roll its cycles on ;
And the bark of life should be guided well,
Lest the hope of its voyage be gone.

Ever, ever will years pass onward,
Nor leave but their memory behind,

As music fades in the distance
Borne off by the summer wind.

And I strained my eyes to the future,
To see how our lives would run,
Whether they would be dulled by shadows,
Or cheered by the genial sun.

And I saw the dizzy phantoms,
Plainer, plainer begin to grow ;
And I chained the forms to my vision,
The forms that I fain would know.

And I saw a mighty abyss,
That yawned for my country's joy,
When her iron hands grew supple
And her pleasures began to cloy.

And I grieved as I saw the vision,
And my thoughts swept back once more,
And I heard the hum of the people,
And the present seemed dark as before.

And I said to myself, "This present
Bids watching and constant care,
For dangers are hard to encounter,
And troubles are harder to bear."

A Fragment.



MID the throngs of busy souls
That daily seek their worldly gain,
A tiny whisper seems to thrill,
That ever fades yet swells again.

There is a hidden chord of love
Which moves the selfish hearts of all,
That like a gleam of kindred light
Upon the spirit seems to fall.

There is some quick magnetic power,
That fellow men together binds,
Though outward it be unobserved,
Yet is, deep-rooted in the minds :

Nor would be seen, yet could we view
At different times the human breast,
We ever surely there should find
Some slight blood-yearning toward the rest.

Anacœontique.



ILL the beady bowl to brimming,
Let brave Bacchus rule the hours,
Crown the head with scented garlands,
Woven of the sweetest flowers !

Fill the goblets, fill the goblets,
Drown dull care with wine and pleasure,
Drink to Rome, and Roman power,
Sparkling eyes, and golden treasure !

Ho Lyæus ! Ho Lyæus !

Bravest of the godly host,
Here we thank thee, here we praise thee,
Bacchus, Bacchus be our toast !

Swiftly fly the wingèd hours,
Now declines the weary day,
Stay not the wineskins, fill the goblets,
Fling the cares of state away.

Fill with wine of Herculaneum,
Falernian of the purple hue !
See ! the ruddy waves dance brightly,
Glorious is the wine to view.

Hail, brave Bacchus ! Hail, brave Bacchus !
Prince of pleasure, god of wine !
Life is short, but life is pleasant,
Spent beneath the branching vine.

To Edith.



H ! the idol of my fancy, oh ! the beacon of
my heart,

My Edith, though our spirits and our-
selves be far apart,

There is a wondrous power which scorns the tie of
space,

And rushes like a whirlwind to the sweetness of
thy face !

Though the hearts be far asunder, yet the thoughts
will ever rove,

From the closeness of the present, to the form of
her they love,
Will not ever, ever languish far away from scenes of
joy,
Till the gloom of sad despondency Hope's colour-
ing can destroy ;
Till the never-ending trials of the heart may gain
its seat,
And its joy for ever perish, trodden down by cruel
feet !
No ! the thoughts will never linger, but will bear
the mind away
From the heaviness of twilight to the gladsome
light of day,
Steal away the man's dark feelings, and bid him
strain his eyes
To the misty shining future, and the faces which
arise.
Hope, hope thou livest truly for the blessing of
our kind !

To raise the troubled spirit, and to cheer the droop-
ing mind,

To bid the heart brace up itself, to meet each fresh
attack,

Never shirk the troublous dangers, or present the
coward back.

Enough of morbid fancies, let me think of thee
again!

Let the brightness of the vision rob remembrance
of its pain,

Let the dream of sinless beauty bring a comfort
and a rest,

To ease the ceaseless throbbing of the ever-loving
breast.

Let those dear dark eyes bring comfort, in their
loveliness secure,

Let them but pity anguish, time can never, never
cure!

Ah, well a day.



THOUGH the laugh be loud and thrilling,

Yet it often veils a tear,

Though the world may look its fairest,

There's aye some trouble here !

Ah, well a day !

Never, never can the current

Of Time pass by so still,

But it leaves some troubled eddies,

The heart of man to fill !

Ah, well a day !

Yet still bravely battle forward,
Through the long course to the goal,
What is suffering in the body,
If it only ease the soul!
Ah, well a day !

Flushed were the Winds.



USHED were the winds of the summer
night,

Soft shone the moon's pure face,

And each tiny grass-blade was shining bright

With the tears of an angel race.

For 'tis said that the dews which at night begin,

Nor past the morn can stay,

Are the tears angels shed for the load of sin,

That man has ta'en up in the day.

Then when the stars lit the deep blue sky,

And earth sank into its rest,

On a rustic seat sat my darling and I,

Her head lying back on my breast.

Warm were the whispers that fell from us both,
Sweet were the visions of love,
As under the heavens we plighted our troth,
With the stars looking down from above.

Hand clasped in hand, never, never to part,
Oh how life's pathway will shine,
When the words swell forth from the loving
heart,
"Ah ! dearest, for *ever* I'm thine."

Long sat we there, and the time flew fast,
Hours like seconds sped on,
In the thought that our love was confessed at last,
That our souls for ever were one !

Then rose we up, but the words still rung
In our hearts as we parted that even :
"Ah dearest, the paths of the world among,
I'm thine, while to me life is given !"

Ganymede.



HAT have I done, that so much honour
as this

Should shower its golden blessings on
my head,

What charm of mine so filled the mind of him
Who rules the earth and ocean with his nod
With wild desire for the servitude
Of a poor mortal. Better had he chosen
One of a purer cast, under whose skin
Courses th' ethereal ichor ; gods should serve
As comrades, not with men, but fellow gods!

But since such honour has fallen to my share,
Why should I not deserve the blessed weal?
And do what mortal can to satisfy
My great immortal master's every will?
And yet, there now presents a troublous scene
To my mind scarce recoverèd surprise;
I see a home without a lighted hearth,
I see a sorrowing father far below
Mourning his only son in bitter grief:
I see the forest, laced with heaven's dew,
The drops which gem as with a silver crown
The forest of the pine, cresting the ridge
Which stands in bold relief against the sky,
Guarding our dwelling from the icy Thrace
Which bounds the west. Oft, ere the morning sun
Gilt the wide floods of Hellespont, I've stood
Where mighty Jove was nourished on the hill;
Where grow the amaranth and asphodel
In sweet profusion, and the fertile ground,
Teeming with violets, affords the kine

Sweet smelling pasturage, and gives their milk
The pleasant savour of the early flowers.
There lies the wood, where in the dark recess
Lurks in his covert lair the bristled boar,
Adonis-slaying, with relentless tooth.
Ye earthly pleasures, ye were greater far
In your simplicity and young delights
Ere envy or malignant Fortune cast a shade,
Than all the never-fading happiness
Of this wide heaven. Oh mighty Jove, great King!
At whose dread voice the boldest bows the knee
In meek submission, grant my humble prayer!
Take from me all of everlasting joy
You reckoned for me. Send me back to earth.
Send to fair Ida's mount the hapless boy
You raped therefrom, send to his native earth
The child of mortals, having for his bane
Delight in mortal pleasures; grant this boon!
I never sought to leave the gentle spot
Where I was born and lived for twenty years,

Uncognisant of any other state
Than that indeed in which I moved, replete
With further happiness or misery.
Seek not to mix with the immortal gods
Earth's offspring ! Better let the falcon mate
With harmless dove, than let a god descend
To mortal level. Send me back, great King,
Give me my life, my liberty, my joy."

Ecce Homo.



THOUGHT of Him, who as a lowly child
Came on our earth to suffer and to die ;
And as I mused, a gentle languor
swelled

Over my limbs, and I was in a dream ;
In that long trance I thought I saw Him stand,
Mocked by the world, to meet His cruel doom.

'Twas a wide square, and an excited crowd
Was surging to and fro like mountain waves
Cresting the stormy sea, and one low roar

Sullen and deep, now swelling and now hushed,
Showed the wild conflict of their anxious minds.

There was a hall, a pillared vestibule
Before great Pilate's mansion, and the dais
Was raised above the crowd. And now the
shout

Swelled louder and more dread! "Bring forth the
Man,

Where is this Jesus! Let us see our King!"
And in the judgment hall, where Pilate sat,
That cry was audible; and pale with fear,
Lest that half maddened and tumultuous crowd
Should raise a riot, "Bring him forth," he said.

So then they put on Him a purple robe,
And for a sceptre in His gentle hand
They placed a broken reed to mark His crime.
Then with a crown of sharply piercing thorns,
Bound tightly round His brow, they crowned Him
king.

Yet o'er that blood-stained wreath of stinging
 thorns

Beamed a celestial halo and a grace,
Heaven in itself shone in His patient smile.

I saw Him stand upon that terraced dais
With all the throng of Israelites below,
Meek was the aspect of His calm pale face,
Streaked with the shining blood-drops ; sweet the
 look,

Yet with a background of such bitter woe
As would have melted into briny tears
A heart of marble ! Well I realised
Those mighty words forespoken of this hour,
“ Lo, where is human sorrow like to mine ? ”
But from a group of men who stood apart,
The Elders and the priests, there rose a cry :
“ This is the Nazarene ! This is the Man ! ”
And with an awful echo of their words
I heard the voice of Hierarchs in Heaven

Swelling in chorus, "Lo ! this is the Man."

Then the mad crowd, roused from all thoughts of
shame,

Caught up the savage burden of the cry ;
And from that vast assemblage burst the shout
" He is a malefactor, He must die !

Away with Him, let Him be crucified !"

Again up-swelled those fearful words of doom :

" Away with Him, let Him be crucified !"

Then pale grew Pilate's face, and as the rout
Waxed louder, stronger, he delivered up
The innocent, whom in his heart of hearts
He knew was guiltless, Him he yielded up
Unto a shameful and a lingering death !
So they departed, with Him in their midst,
Bending beneath the burden of His cross,
Scoffed at and mocked by the blood-thirsty crowd.
None in that throng, none of His chosen flock
Were present Him to cheer in that dark hour ;
None of the people He had held so dear,

None of those sheep for whom he soon would die
Turned e'en a kindly glance upon Him. Far
In the dim distance, followed in the track
His mother and the Magdalene ; their hair
Loosed from confinement, and their eyes suffused
With tears of blood, that they must view His
death.

Yes, Jesu, yes, of all the living world,
Few, few there were who shed a tear for Thee,
Only those followers who had known Thyself,
Had basked in Thy sweet sunshine, wept for
Thee !

Thy loving mother, though Thou wast her Lord,
Feeling the claim Thou had'st upon her heart,
Mourned with a double anguish ! And the maid,
Rescued by Thee from vice's damning path,
Poor Magdalene, these, and the holy few,
Thy chosen ministers watched o'er Thy death !

Then as He fainted 'neath His ghastly load,
I saw the cross placed on the back of one

Compelled to bear it, till they reached a spot
Fitting their purpose 'Golgotha' by name.

The cross was raised, and on its spreading arms
They nailed His tender hands, and then His feet
Streaming with crimson current were affixed
To the rough fabric, while on either side
Two other crosses bore their human loads.
Three victims—three, and yet how different all !
They on the sides, for many a heinous crime
Condemned by law to suffer and to die,
Their faces stamped with many a glaring trace
Of inward passion and of bloody deeds ;
Yet even these in their own minds were far
Above the one who suffered in the midst.
He, the Great God, accounted here below
The vilest of His creatures ! Oh that love,
Which prompted such forgetfulness of self,
Is the true love which passeth man's idea.
His look was more of sorrow than of pain,

Although His piercèd feet and hands were dyed
With His pure blood fast trickling from the wounds
Made by the cruel nails. And o'er His head
Stretched a wide scroll with legend of His charge
“This is the Jesus, King of all the Jews.”

Little they thought, who penned those truthful
words,

What a vast sense they had, and though they meant
Them but in mockery they formed the name
He should for aye be known by. All that passed
Mocked at Him spitefully with bitter taunts,
“Art thou the Christ? descend then from the cross,
And we will then believe. By devilish aid
Thou saved'st others! Saviour, save Thyself!”
Thus would they scoff, and even one of those
Who suffered with Him, thus reproached His state;
But to the other, with His latest breath
He promised happiness, for he it was
Who when repenting said, “Thou art the Lord,
My Saviour, Jesus!” Then said God to him:

“ To-day, O man, with Me in Paradise
Thy soul shall be !” And thus for six long hours
Racked with a tearing mortal pain, He hung
On the accursèd tree, while all the land
Was dark by reason of the inky clouds
Thick drawn before the sun, which could not see
And shine upon his great Creator’s death.
So thus for six long hours He hung in pain,
Scoffed at by those for whom He guiltless died !
Then at the ninth hour, He raised up His voice
And cried, with an exceeding bitter cry,
“ My God, my God, why hast Thou Me forsaken !”
And at that cry, a pang shot thro’ my brain
At the bare thought that such an one as He
Should feel Himself forsaken, for His voice
Thrilled with the accents of a dread despair !
But they around said, “ Lo ! this Jesus calls
Upon Elias,”—and one fetched a sponge,
Filled with a bitter mixture, wine and gall.
Then in a tone of utter bitterness

He cried to Heaven, "It is finishèd!"
These were the last He spake; but now the earth
Quaked with a surging motion, and the vail
That barred the passage to the Holy place
Was rent asunder. Then, a mighty fear
Fell on all present, and the soldiers said:
"Surely, this must have been the Son of God!"
Then turned I, and behold! one clad in white,
Spotless and pure, and with a shining light
Full on his features playing stood beside,
Then said he to me, "See'st thou yon cross,
Dyed with the blood of One beyond all price?"
And I replied, "Yea, Lord, I see it well,
And truly sorrow liveth in my breast
That one so innocent should perish thus."
Then spake the Angel clad in garments white,
"Man, list to Heaven and hear the sorrow there."
So then it seemed as if the heavens were cleft,
And angels' voices syllabled the name,
Of Him who hung upon the tree in tones

Of bitter anguish, and my heart was rent
By reason of that vision. Yet the chant
Grew louder, louder, till at length it swelled
Into a hymn of grace and victory.

Then felt I, that though pain was now His lot,
Though now on earth He was despised of all,
In that bright Heaven none was held so high
As He now dying on that cross of shame.

And while entranced I strained mine eyes and
ears :

The bright-robed angel spake to me again,
“ Man, mourn'st thou now ? Know that in future
years,

Beyond the bound of e'en an angel's ken,
He comes again ! Man, thou hast seen the past,
And thou shalt see the future's dread event.

Jesus, the Man of Sorrows, slain by those
He perished but to save, hath risen again,
And He will judge those men with righteous arm
When His great power cometh on earth !”

Then faded all the scene the while I gazed,
And mist-like clouds rolled downward from the
sky

Obscuring all ; and now the angel took
Me in his arms methought, and onward flew
Toward the top of Olivet, and there
He laid me down, then spake he, " Man, arise,
And see what cometh on our doomed earth."
Then at his words the clouds seemed drawn apart,
And silence reigned unbroken as the dead.

So long I staid and wondering what would come,
Then from the heavens there rose a dreadful sound,
As of some wondrous trumpet swelling high
Far beyond mortal knowledge, till its tone
Grew strong enough to wake the sleeping dead.
Then seemed it that the skies were rent apart,
And all the mighty angel-host of heaven
Sank toward the earth, and in the front of all
I saw that ' Man of Sorrows ;' well I knew

The contour of the face ; it was the same
As that I saw pain-drawn upon the cross.
But now, those features were not filled with grief,
Sternness was planted on the spreading brow ;
He *had been* Saviour, *now* he was the Judge.
His head was crowned, not with the pointed
 thorns,

But with a wreath of everlasting flame,
Shedding a heavenly glow upon a face
Already noble past my human thought.
Then at that trumpet sound an earthquake shook
The doomèd universe, and all the graves
Disgorged their inmates ; the vast sea upheaved,
And from his depths awakened from their sleep
The pallid corpses. Then the trumpet blast
Grew stronger, and a mighty rushing wind
Collected all, both dead and living men,
Into a crowd before Mount Olivet.
And on the summit of the towering rock
Sat the eternal Godhead throned in state,

With all the wingèd cherubims of heaven
Clustering round ; and at his feet there stood
The two recording angels, he of crimes,
And he of virtues, the great guardians.
Then sounded once again th' Archangel's trump,
And forthwith earth yawned open, split apart
With wild reverberating noise ; the depths
Grew deeper, deeper, till before all eyes
Blazed the e'er-burning sulphur lake of Hell ;
And, from the midst of that vast fiery gulf,
Rose the condemned angels in a crowd,
In such vast number that their waving wings
Formed a great whirlwind. Then I turned to him
Who stood beside, " Bright angel, who are these ?"
Then spake the seraph, " These were cherubs all,
Loved by the Father, till their pride-filled King
Lured on by fell ambition's path devised
A plot against th' eternal Son of God.
He for this crime was banished from the sky,
And cast into the lowest depths of Hell,

Together with all angels of his sect,
That there they might for ever lie in pain,
Wishing, e'er wishing for their long lost home,
Longing, e'er longing for a glimpse of grace,
Watching, e'er watching for a single spark
Which might enkindle a faint flickering hope
Of glad redemption. These ye see are they."

I saw before the awful throne of God
The nations standing ; but no single *one*
Had thinking of his brother, all his thoughts
Ran on the dread, irrevocable past !
Some of the faces wore a look of joy,
As though the souls were gladdened at the day
Which brought them nearer home ; and some there
were,
Who joined the Hallelujahs of the Saints
Praising before the throne. But there were those
Whose faces wore the look of deadly fear,
And from their pale-blanch'd and affrighted lips

Broke cries for mercy, pardon, but their shrieks
Met with the sullen echo of "*Too late.*"
Then turned many to the mountain-heights
Praying, "O mountains, fall and hide our shame!
O earth, conceal us from this awful doom!"
Falling upon their knees, and with their nails
Tearing the rocky ground, striving to find
A screen, a hiding place, an instant's grace
From the dread sentence which awaited them.
Vain, vain pursuit: All now was past for aye,
Those, who had crucified Him, and had laughed
In mockery at Him suffering on the cross,
Had pierced Him, tortured Him until He died,
Knew the great face again; then rose their screams
"Christ, was it Thou? Oh! God we never knew
Or dreamt, that He, who died on that foul cross,
Was God's eternal offspring! O forgive!"
And then their teeth bit through the tight-drawn
 lips,
Until the agony grew so intense

They strove to tear, with terror-stiffened hands,
The eyeballs straining and most nigh to crack !
This poor, poor wish was futile, and their ears
Heard thrilling from the Saints who thronged
Him round,
“ Behold the Man ! the risen Son of God ! ”

And then the Elders with the golden harps
Hymned forth the name “ Jehovah,” and the
Heaven

Swelled with a burst of music far beyond
All that has been and all that e’er shall be.
Then rose the recording angel, and he called
Upon the name of one within that throng ;
So forth there stept an agèd form, and bowed :
Yet now upon his features shone a joy
Unutterable, as if the Father’s grace
His soul had caught a part of, and he spake
The actions of his life, gazing the while
Upon the features of the King of Kings ;

Then I beheld, how that his face waxed sad
When e'er he told an evil thought or word ;
Still had he striven against the curse of sin,
And as he spoke a smile broke o'er the face
Of the great Lord of Lords, and as the man
Ceased from his count, I heard a voice come forth,
Forth from the mouth of Him upon the throne—
“ Come, come, most blessèd, to the blissful home
Prepared for thee since first the world began.”
And then the Elders standing round the throne
Caught up the burden, till the arc of heaven
Seemed rent with joy, “ Come, come, thou blest of
God,
Enter the kingdom of eternal weal !”
So then they robed him too in white,
And crossing to the right he stood beside
The King of Glory. Now, I saw a crowd
Clad in white raiment, and with amaranth
Twined round their brows who never ceased to cry,
“ Lord, now avenge us on our enemies !”

These knew I well, they were the righteous souls
Who suffered martyrdom for Jesus' sake
Gladly and willingly, these ever cry
To Him who sits upon the throne
"Vengeance is due, O Lord, and take the fill."
Then turnèd I, and lo! another name
Was spoken by the angel, and a man,
Shrinking in terror, was constrained to come
Forth from the mass; not like the former face
Filled with a joy celestial, his wore
A look of unfeigned anguish, "Lord," he cried,
"As thou art merciful spare, spare me now!
O Jesus, Saviour, spare me!" But a frown
Hung on the Almighty's features as he spake:
"Oh man, if this be thy request, first state
The sum of thy good deeds upon the earth,—
Thy works from birth to death." So then he was
Compelled to tell the number of his sins;
How that in fear of man and not of God
He passed his years in wantonness and vice;

What had he given if earth could blot him out
And hide him from the anger of the Lamb !
Then cried I to the angel standing by,
“ My Lord, what is the doom of him who speaks ? ”
And silently he pointed to the spot
Where Lucifer was standing with a smile
Of bitter triumph on his evil face.
“ Thou see’st yon, enough ! ” Meanwhile the man
Finished the catalogue of heinous crimes,
And, with a wailing, pitying cry for grace,
He fell flat forward. But then spake the voice
Of dread Jehovah. “ Man, thy doom is just.
When I was houseless, didst thou harbour me ?
When I was sick, didst thou then pity me ?
Depart from me, accursèd, to the flames
Of endless torment, to the place without,
Where ever thou must live in lingering death.”
Then was he gathered to the left, and stood
Bedewed in sorrow, now, alas ! too late.
So followed all the myriads standing round—

Some doomed to torment, and some told, for joy,—
And swift passed time to me while in my dream,—
Until all there had bowed to God's command.

Then Michael the Archangel once again
Sounded his trump, and with a living shout,
Those standing on the right before the throne
Were caught up with the myriads of saints
Into the expanse of firmament above,
And every saint bore in his hand a harp,
From which resounded strains that told how glad
Felt the pure hearts they sprung from. There was
one,

One group of female saints of beauty far
Beyond our earthly standard, but though now
Their features were so radiant I knew
Them once again, and scarce could I restrain
My voice from crying, "Martyrs, blest are ye!"
Long after these I gazed, and quite forgot
Those on the left, until he clad in white
Who stood beside me, oped his grave-drawn lips :

“ Sinner, mark well the doom of those who stand
Full on the edge of the abysmal pit
From which is exit never. These are they
Who scoffed at Jesus, mocked His holy truths,
Lived in the atmosphere of self-deceit ;
This is their end ! Ages must onward roll,
Ages on ages, yet shall they be found
Still feeling as acutely every pang,
Each fond remembrance of the ruined past ;
The future lost but by their evil deeds,
The grace turned from them by the lack of prayer,
And these thoughts shall be worse, ay fifty times
Worse, than the bitterest tortures Hell contains.
Yet dream not these are scanty ! Fire and death,
Ever consuming bodies unconsumed,
Shall rack their vitals. Then and not till then,
When the forgotten hopes and fears of Time
Are swallowed in the vast eternity,
They will repent. Oh ! but a warning take,
Retrace thy footsteps ere it be too late !

For surely, as that judgment shall appear
Upon this earth, so surely is it fixed
Sin shall receive what punishment is due.”
Then looked I on the faces of the souls
Striving to struggle from the yawning gulf,
But, if perchance, one gained the edge, a fiend
Flew close to him and rudely hurled him back.
So too, all those who had not reached the brink
Strove to escape it, though the devils hung
Thickly around them, barring every hope.
One there was who had firmly grasped the side
And clung thereto in mortal agony,
And as the grinning fiend held him tight
I saw each straining nerve and sinew crack
By reason of the tension, till his force
Could bear no longer, and he backwards fell
With one long shriek into that fiery gulf!

And there were many gazing at the heaven
With eyes fixed on the glory that was there,

Wailing, "O blessèd! come and aid us now,
One drop of water would relieve, *one* drop!"
Then finding no response, they would blaspheme
In such foul terms that it were death to hear!

Then turnèd I my sickened eyes away
And fixed them on the blessèd, and the voice
Sprung from the throne resounded saying, "Hail!
Servants of God, yours be the bliss for ever!"
And all the wingèd armies of the skies
Swelled the great shout, "Yours be the bliss for
ever!"

Then from the throne there burst a living flame,
And the earth shrivelling, melted all away;
The heavens expanded, and a glorious home
Was opened to my sight, whereto the blest
Ascended one and all, with Christ before
Leading them to their rest; and as they rose
The Heavenly Home grew brighter, while they
sung:

“ Hail ! Hail ! glory all glory to the Lamb !
Thou art the King, the Lord and God of Kings !
Hail ! Hail ! Redeemer, Christ, Jehovah, God ! ”
Thus singing, passed the mighty host from sight,
And looking round, the seraph who had stood
So late beside me, he had vanished too.
And then cried I, “ Blessèd are ye in truth ! ”
But with a start, I woke from out my dream !

Stanzas.



SON of the Morning, like Heaven awak-
ing

With the sweet dawn to the fulness of
light,

So Thy bright grace on our spirits is breaking,
Chasing away sin's dark shadows and night.

Human Redeemer, in flesh as a mortal,
Though in truth Thou wast God of Thy recreant
race,
Thou passedst from Heaven through death's
gloomy portal,
To win for Thy ransomed a glorious place.

Hell sought in vain in its chains to enthrall Thee,
Thou wast beyond the dominion of death ;
Nor sorrow, nor shame could dismay or appal Thee,
Thou sighedst for man Thy last faintly drawn
breath.

When on the cross in Thy pain Thou wast dying,
Satan rejoiced that his Master was dead,
But when beneath the dark earth Thou wast lying,
Angels watched over Thy ever-blest Head !

Those whom Thou lov'dst, o'er Thy sufferings were
weeping,
Mourning their Lord, and e'en sharing His pain,
Thou in the grave's quiet chamber wast sleeping,
Soon to emerge in Thy glory again !

“Let the faint heart.”



LET the faint heart arise

To face the thorny way,
And see with hopeful eyes
The dawning of the day.

And let that way appear,
Though troubles thickly lower,
The path to lead us near,
Nearer to Him each hour.

To draw us near to Heaven,
To endless, endless rest,
Oh let that rest be given,
A place among the blest !

Oh ! let the weary heart
Find evermore its peace,
Its earthly cares depart,
Its mortal sorrows cease.

Our Lord's entry into Jerusalem.



OSANNA ! cried the crowd, and in a
rapturous shout

Forth poured their welcome to the
living God,

From the green palm-trees, budding o'er the way
And ripe with blossom, the thick sprays down pulled,
They strewed a carpet from fair Nature's woof
For Him who made them. Far as the eye could reach
Joyful they came, old patriarchs on their staves
Weak leaning, yet who came in hope and love
To meet their Saviour, matrons with their sons
Fast clinging to the dress and peeping forth
In baby wonderment ; young men and maids

In vast array poured down the sunny slopes
 Spread o'er with vines. The balmy summer air
 Vibrates with sound, deep-drawn, as some huge bell
 Peals forth its waves of living sound along
 The silent streets. Hark, hark, they cry again
 'Messiah comes! Hosanna to the Lord!'

He came, He came, not as their fathers dreamt
 He would have come, in pride, but lower far
 Than e'en His creatures, riding on an ass ;
 Peaceful His look, yet the majestic mien
 And tempered justice in the kindly eye
 Showed, that although He came to save, not slay,
 He well beseemed the part of King of Kings !
 Athwart the sun like a vast crimson lake
 Cast a red glow upon the town beneath,
 The domes and cupolas shone rosy bright
 With the departing rays as down they came,
 And all the throng with shouting filled the air.
 But as He gazed upon the homes below,
 And thought on all the misery and woe

That would afflict His creatures when the sword
And famine bowed the now triumphant heads,
A tear stood in His eye ; He knew that they,
Who now so rapturously hymned His praise
In swelling notes until the Heavens rang,
Would in a few short days grow hard of heart,
And all their love would lose its gentle force
At sight of opposition, and that these
Would be the first to claim His guiltless life,
Would be the cruellest among His foes,
Seeking His blood ; and as He thought of this
The dewy drops stole slowly down His cheeks,
And Jesus wept, wept for His murderers,
(Murderers to be, although they loved Him then)
Because He pitied their poor darkened eyes,
They knew not what they did. But ever still
Arose the same triumphant cry of joy,
“ Messiah hail ! He comes, He comes to reign,
Of whom the prophets spake in times of old,
Hosanna to the Lord ! ” So the array

Poured onward stream-like, till it reached the gates ;
 And as He set His foot within the walls
 The sun sank down behind a bank of clouds,
 As if to hide its grief, to shut its face
 For ever from the coming scene of woe.

THE END.







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